Under the Southern Cross

E. COOK PRITCHARD

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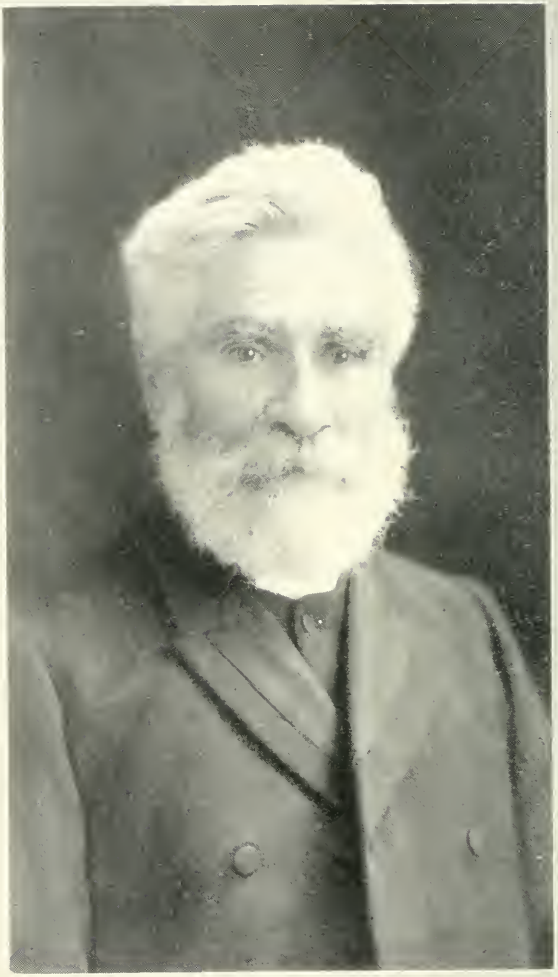

E. COOK PRITCHARD, J.P., F.G.S.

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

INCIDENTS AND
ADVENTURES OF
Missionary Life in Australia.

By
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Introduction.

AUSTRALASIA lies between 10 and 45 degrees of S. latitude, and 110 and 153 degrees E. longitude. The island continent extends 2,400 miles east and west, and 1,971 miles north and south, and its area is about 3,000,000 square miles. It is, in fact, the largest island in the world. The oldest of the Australian colonies (now called States) is New South Wales, which has an area of 323,437 square miles. Its extreme length is 850 miles. Once this State comprised the whole eastern half of the continent. It is at present bounded by the Pacific Ocean, Queensland, South Australia and Victoria. The discovery and occupation of this magnificent possession has been variously told, but I think the best account has been given by the historian of the State of Victoria, who writes :—

> "Records of early discoveries show a lamentable ignorance of the geography of the Southern and Indian Oceans, since the venturesome sailors who first attempted to explore these seas were not skilled in cartography, and their maps, or the maps plotted from their verbal narratives, were of necessity crude and inaccurate. A map published with the account of Frobisher's voyages

in 1578 encircles the whole Southern Pole with a vast stretch of land, separated from South America by the Strait of Magellan, and stretching further north in those regions which we now know as Australia, indicating a belief and an assurance in the existence of our continent. It is an interesting fact that in Burton's '*Anatomy of Melancholy*,' published in 1621, references are made to this land as *Terra Australis Incognita*.

"Frobisher reports that the Portuguese and Spaniards in their voyages to the East Indies saw and touched on the north edge of the southern continent. In 1526 the trading vessels of the former nation reached New Guinea, though their masters were unaware of the existence of the strait which separates it from Australia. After the discovery of the sea route to India by Vasco da Gama in 1497, the Portuguese began to trade with the East Indies, and were followed by Spaniards and Dutch, the latter largely replacing the Portuguese traders in the East.

"In 1606 the Dutch Governor of the Moluccas, De Houtman, despatched an exploring party, who surveyed the east coast of the Gulf of Carpentaria, but the report of Captain Jansen, the leader of the expedition, was unfavourable, and it was many years before the Dutch again visited this territory, which at the time they believed formed part of New Guinea.

"De Quiros, a Portuguese in the service of Spain, made strenuous efforts to reach the Great South Land, as he was convinced that the rumours concerning its existence were true. In December, 1605, he set sail to discover it, with Torres as captain of the second vessel of his small fleet, but his efforts proved unsuccessful. De Quiros may be regarded as the last of the Southern European explorers, whose work was now taken up by the Dutch.

"In 1595 the Dutch East India Company was formed, with headquarters at Batavia, whence ten years later Jansen was sent on a voyage of discovery, when he surveyed the south coast of New Guinea, and the east coast of Cape York Peninsula, without, however, discovering the passage between the two.

"In 1623 Carstens coasted along part of the northern shores, and again, in 1636, Poole followed the coastline of the whole of the Gulf of Carpentaria.

"In 1642 Anthony Van Dieman, Governor of the Dutch East India Colonies, selected Abel Jansen Tasman to make explorations in the South Seas. On 24th November, 1642, the west coast of Tasmania was discovered. Rounding this and the south coast, Tasman entered Storm Bay and Frederick Henry Bay, where he hoisted the Dutch flag. Naming the locality Van Dieman's Land, he sailed eastwards, and discovered New Zealand, returning afterwards to Batavia. In the following year

Tasman surveyed portions of the north and west coasts of Australia, from the Gulf of Carpentaria to Sharks Bay.

"In January, 1688, New Holland (so named by the Dutch) was visited near Roebuck Bay by Dampier, the first Englishman who sighted these shores. The description of his voyages includes his opinions respecting Australia and the people he found there, as well as of its flora and fauna. He was selected in 1699 to make further exploration of the place, to ascertain whether the land was a continent or a group of islands. He visited Sharks Bay, sailed northward to the archipelago now bearing his name, and then returned to England. His unfavourable report concerning the country suspended British exploration for many years.

"That this continent ever became a portion of the British Empire is due to the enterprise, skill and courage of Captain James Cook. In 1768 the British Government sent a scientific expedition, under his command, to Tahiti, with permission to undertake exploration in the South Seas. Cook first landed in New Zealand at Poverty Bay, on 8th October, 1769. After coasting round the North Island and the South and Stewart Islands—mistaking the latter for part of the South Island—he took his departure from Cape Farewell on 31st March, 1770, for Australia, and on the 19th April, 1770, land was sighted by Lieutenant Hicks, at a point believed to be the present Cape Everard, on

the Victorian coast. Cook sailed northwards, and, after seven or eight days on the water, landed first at Botany Bay, then further north at other places on the east coast. He then passed through Torres Strait, and, having thus demonstrated the fact that Australia was an island (although believed to be joined to Van Dieman's Land), returned home.

"Cook's description of Botany Bay was so favourable that in 1787 the British Government despatched Captain Arthur Phillip, in charge of a squadron of eleven vessels, to found a penal colony in Australia. Finding Botany Bay, which he entered on the 20th January following, unsuitable for settlement, he sailed northward to Port Jackson, where he formally took possession of the country on 26th January, 1788, in the name of His Majesty King George III.

"Notable discoveries by sea were afterwards made by Flinders, Bass, Grant, Murray, and others, the first of whom sailed through the strait separating Australia from Van Dieman's Land, and circumnavigated the latter island, thus demonstrating it to be an island."

We may go still farther back than even this lucid and, I believe, reliable account takes us.

A cable from Melbourne to London under date January 19th, 1911, reads thus:—

"Mr. Petherick, curator on the historical records branch of the Federal Parliamentary

Library, claims to possess crowning proofs that Australia was discovered in the year A.D. 1499 by the Florentine Amerigo Vespucci."

It was in the year 1499 that he visited the American Continent, only seven years after Columbus had first sighted it, and there is little doubt that America received its name from the Florentine.

If we want to go much farther back than 1499 in search of Australian history we shall have to call to our aid the revelations of geology. Having been, while labouring in Australia, elected a Fellow of the Geological Society, I turned to the study of Australia from the geological standpoint, and found it most interesting. I was led to the conviction that Bass' Straits was comparatively modern, and that in the far-off past Australia, New Guinea and probably most, if not all the islands on their coastlines had been united, forming one great Southern continent, or as De Quiros in 1605 called it, "The Great South Land." In the *Christian World* under date 19th January, 1911, I read: "Fossils discovered during Sir Ernest Shackleton's Antarctic expedition show that it is not improbable that the Antarctic was in past ages united to the continent of Australia." There is not a doubt in my mind but that this conjecture is well founded. A mighty upheaval in the far-off past must have carved out Bass' Straits and made very considerable alterations in the coastlines of the Southern World.

In 1860-3, while labouring in Hobart, I was a close student of this question. The first time I

ascended the celebrated Mount Wellington I was very forcibly struck with its conformation, with its *conformable* and *inconformable strata*. Here is a mountain 4,000 feet high, many miles away from the sea, of unquestionable upheaval formation; on the top a plateau containing overwhelming evidence of its having been an active crater in the geological ages long past. What struck me most was, not the immense pillars of granite lying about, looking as if they had been cut with the saw and dressed with chisel and mallet, and were relics of a castle of the gods, but the variety and quantity of sea-shells everywhere to be found. My geological eye feasted on the scenes presented, but my mind reeled as I tried to read the book.

Frequent as my visits were, every succeeding one deepened and confirmed the convictions of my first.

I also found sea-shells varied and numerous on the many points of the highest land in this island.

The Australian Alps form the mountain range that extends south-westerly from eastern New South Wales, and is met by the Dividing Range. There are several peaks in the main Alps over 5,000 feet high. A great many volcanic cones and craters are found in this range. The Murray is the principal fresh water river in the colonies. It has its origin in the Alps and has a course of about 1,400 miles in this one State. After copious rains this is an important and valuable watercourse, being navigable for hundreds of miles, but like all the

fresh water rivers and lakes in Australia, depends entirely on the very uncertain rainfalls of the country, and during a long drought the entire length is often dried up to little shallow pools and insignificant streams.

That the climate of Australia is a healthy one there can be no possible doubt. The mean maximum temperature of Sydney is 80° F. and the minimum 45° F. in the shade. South Australia and Queensland are a little higher, Victoria is a little lower, and Tasmania like Madeira. I claim as an Anglo-Australian that our "Great South Land" is the most important and valuable oversea portion of the British Empire. Here is a country whose area, speaking generally, is equal to four-fifths of the whole of Europe, containing all the varieties of the European climate, capable of supplying our 50,000,000 people in the homeland with every necessary of life of the first quality and at a minimum of labour. Her trees for size, I believe, cannot be beaten by California. In 1861 I visited the district of Port Esperance, Tasmania, and while there measured one, a eucalyptus, which stood 330 feet high and measured round the solid trunk five feet from the earth 89 feet. I believe her forests of cedar, walnut, mahogany and pine cannot be beaten by any country in the world. I have said nothing about her extensive mines of coal, shale, iron, gold, silver, copper, lead and almost every other mineral that can be named.

Does an intending emigrant ask, "Where do you advise me to go to?" I answer, "By all

means stick to the old ship. Make up your mind first *what* you are going to be and do, and what you are going to bring your family up to, whether agriculture, grazing, or horticulture. Or are you a mechanic or a miner? In all cases I say first *make up your mind,* and then write to the Agent-General for the State you intend to make your *home.* You will find that every true man and woman will be welcomed and assisted in an honest endeavour to make a home."

So much for a short chapter on the country itself, but I did not start to write a history of Australia, but a brief history of the Primitive Methodist Church in Australia, and to that I will now apply myself.

The Rev. S. Horton, our esteemed General Missionary Secretary, when pressing me to the task, said: "All the early Australian missionaries (excepting yourself) are dead, and unless you do it, it will be lost to the Church." I felt the force of this, and wrote to those in the various States who were likely to help, and desire here to acknowledge gratefully the assistance rendered by the late Rev. Joseph Buckle, of Brisbane; Alderman George Hiddlestone, of Hobart, Tasmania; and by my very much esteemed old colleague, the Rev. C. E. Ward, of New Zealand. I am, however, most indebted to my beloved son in the Gospel, the Rev. John Penman, an ex-President of the Methodist Church in Australia, who sent me some typed extracts from articles published in the New South Wales *Primitive Methodist,* written by my old and

much esteemed friend, the late Rev. Geo. James.

I am sorry that this little book should partake so much of the character of an autobiography, but for want of material this course was inevitable. Our work in all the States was very similar, and when relating my own experiences I am relating the experiences, very largely, of all my brethren in the Commonwealth.

With all its defects I send it forth to the reading public, praying that God may be graciously pleased to put His seal upon it and make it a blessing to the reader. I have here only to add that in perusing my journal while preparing this book I have lived over again many incidents which have been real means of grace to me.

The world is my parish.—JOHN WESLEY.

Without a spirit of enterprise there is no glory.—WILLIAM CLOWES.

Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.—MARK xvi. 15.

A little child shall lead them.—ISAIAH xi. 6.

CHAPTER I.

Starting Out.

It seems but as yesterday, although my memory and journal agree that it was in the early spring of 1860, just 54 years ago, and in the Jubilee year of our Connexion, that I received the call to Colonial missionary work. On returning to my lodgings in Monkton Street, Ryde, one Monday afternoon, after spending a Sabbath in West Cowes in gloriously successful Gospel ministrations, my landlady said: "The Rev. M. Lupton has been here wanting to see you, and has left word that he was going to the missionary meeting at Portsmouth, and wished you to go over and meet him to tea at the Rev. J. Thomason's." I simply replied to Mrs. Simmons: "Mr. Lupton wants me to go to Australia." She answered impulsively, "No he doesn't. He didn't say a word about Australia, and if he does want you to go you won't." I said at once, "Yes, I shall," although not a word had been spoken or written to me on the subject, and I do not remember having ever thought on the subject. I was very happy in my

station, and was in the midst of a very blessed revival of religion. Scarcely had a week passed during the nearly three years I was on the Isle of Wight without seals to my ministry. Yet as soon as Mrs. Simmons gave me Mr. Lupton's message it was as though God said clearly and imperatively, "You must go to Australia."

I went to Portsmouth and met Mr. Lupton. He speedily engaged me in conversation, dwelling on the state of the work of God in the Isle of Wight and in the Connexion generally, particularly our home and colonial missions. We had no foreign missions at that time. After a little while he looked at me very earnestly and said, "We want missionaries for Australia and Tasmania, would you make one to go?" I replied, "I cannot answer that question at once as I should have to consult another on that matter." He asked, "What do you mean?" I replied, "There is a young lady at West Cowes, perhaps as deeply interested in a question of that nature as I am, and who has a right to be consulted." He then said, "Do you often see her?" I answered, "Once a week generally. I saw her this morning, and did not intend to see her again this week, but if you wish I could go over to-morrow and have a chat with her on the matter." He replied, "Go, and let me hear from you as soon as possible."

I went on the Wednesday and saw Miss Blake, the lady concerned. We had never spoken together on the subject, but when I told her what Mr. Lupton wished, she replied, "Isn't it singular?

Only last week I told mother I felt impressed that I should have to go to Australia." I said, "Are you willing to go with me to labour for Christ and humanity in Australia?" She answered, "I am prepared to go with you anywhere God may call us to labour or suffer for Him." Dear sainted soul! We went by appointment of the Jubilee Conference, held at Tunstall. The Rev. Jos. Langham and his wife were the first to go to Tasmania. They went to take up a work that had been commenced by some zealous Primitive Methodist local preachers who had settled at Launceston. Earlier in the year Rev. Robert Hartley had been sent to take up the work in Sydney, and the Rev. John A. Foggon went with him to assist Mr. Langham at Launceston and Longford, Tasmania.

On the 11th of July Rev. W. J. Dean, Mrs. Dean and their little daughter and son, the Rev. Elijah Greenwood and his wife, the Rev. W. H. Walton, and myself and wife sailed for Adelaide in the good ship *Irene*, a barque of only 400 tons register, under Captain Bruce. Those were days of small things in Primitive Methodist circles, and economy and caution were observed; for were not our devoted Sabbath School children trudging thousands of miles through mud and frost and snow to collect the farthings for "their own Australian missions"!

Only a few days before I sailed I took part in a children's missionary meeting at Newport, Isle of Wight. Alfred Midlane, who wrote "There's a home for little children above the bright blue sky,"

etc., lived there, but he was not the only one interested in children and their work. The Superintendent of our Sunday School was a merry, devoted, happy Christian.

I shall never forget John Alderslade, brother of the late Rev. H. Alderslade, whose articles in the *Juvenile Magazine* were appreciated so much by all readers. His optimism on missionary work was quite infectious, and I do not think there was a teacher or scholar in his school who did not consider it a real honour and joy to work or collect for the mission cause. Even the young men, then, would prefer to spend their half holiday in walking miles collecting for the missions than in watching or taking part in a football match.

The children were so diligent in collecting for "their own" Australian missions that very few had the heart to deny them. Even the very poorest, and those who made no profession of religion, would grant their request for "only a farthing." It was my privilege to labour on the Isle of Wight from July, 1857, to June, 1860, and well do I remember the complaints of the shopkeepers each year for three or four weeks before the Newport Juvenile Missionary meeting was held. Such complaints as "What has become of the farthings?" "There are no farthings to be got hold of in Newport!" "I am more bothered to get hold of a farthing now than a shilling," "Your Primitive Methodist children have got all the farthings in Newport." Yes, upwards of a heaped-up peck measure full of farthings did not leave many in

circulation in that small town, and therefore many of the shopkeepers were glad when the P.M.J.M.M. was over.

These meetings were an inspiration and a joy to old and young, and were very largely attended. I would we could emulate the missionary enthusiasm of those days!

At the meeting I refer to the children brought the fruit of their persistent toil in little bags. On the centre of the platform John Alderslade placed a wooden peck measure and took his stand beside it, and as each child brought his or her little bag he emptied its contents into this measure. On came the children, and still on they came one by one, big and little, boy and girl, until the measure was full and running over. The Superintendent piled them up, quite a full measure and running over of farthings. I thought of the weary miles and hours those dear little ones had trudged to secure that result.

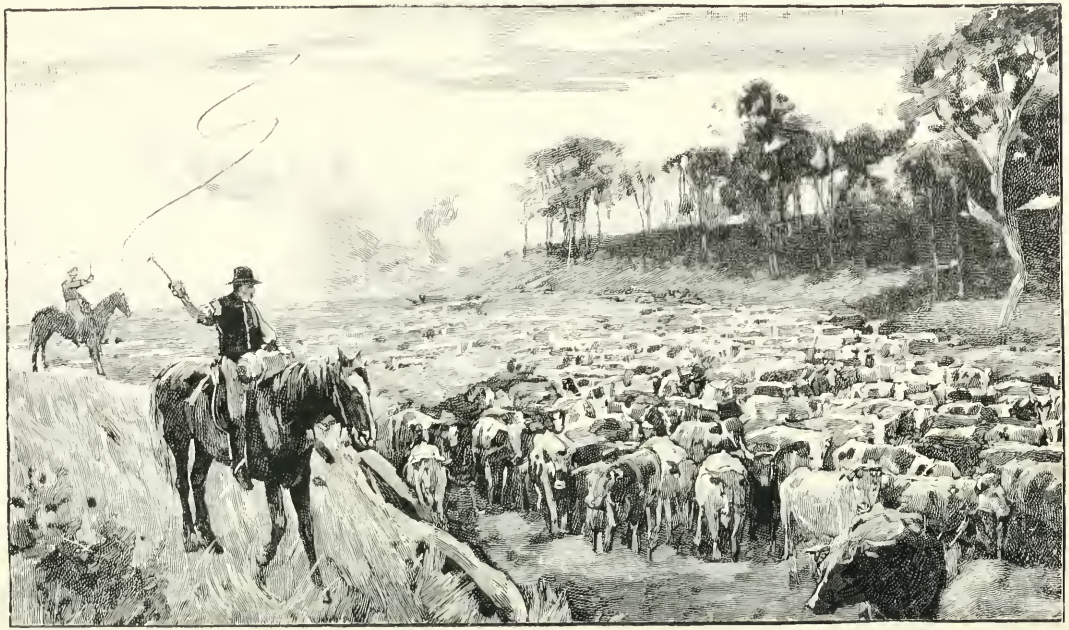
The *Irene,* although small, was a very bonnie, comfortable little ship, and the captain, officers and crew were just what one could wish for. "Dear old Father Lupton" took all possible care to provide for our comfort, and especially for the ladies.

Of our party *only I remain.* The late Rev. George and Mrs. James also went later in the year and *enjoyed* (?) a record passage of six months.

Arriving at Port Adelaide, we were met by the Rev. J. G. Wright and other warm-hearted Primitive Methodists, who took us to the friends who kindly entertained us while we were waiting a few

days for the steamer to proceed. My wife and I were very kindly and hospitably treated by a well-to-do, happy, devoted Primitive Methodist family from Yorkshire of the name of Bullock, whom I have never met since, but I shall look out for them in the "Glory Land."

"I suppose I am in the position of many other persons. I had conceived a great prejudice against missions in the South Seas, and I had no sooner come there, than that prejudice was at first reduced, and then at last annihilated. Those who deblatterate against missions have only one thing to do, to come and see them on the spot."—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



A MOB OF CATTLE.

CHAPTER II.

Beginnings in Australia and New Zealand.

Rough Adventures.

In June, 1840, Mr. John Wiltshire, a local preacher in Darlaston Circuit, and Mr. John Rowlands, an office bearer in Oswestry Circuit, landed in Adelaide, the capital of South Australia. Being devout Christians and loyal Primitive Methodists, they resolved to lose no time in commencing work for their divine Master, and on Sunday, July 26th, the month after their arrival, they held an open-air preaching service in the streets of Adelaide in the afternoon and one in Mr. Wiltshire's house in the evening, and at this meeting they formed a Primitive Methodist "Society," the first in the Southern Hemisphere. This was a real, living society, and having faith in the God of missions, in Primitive Methodism, and in the Divine call to this work, its members spent as much time in it as was consistent with their business claims. God prospered their work greatly, so that in October of 1840, within four months of their arrival in the country, the first Primitive Methodist Church in the Southern World was opened for divine worship. This was built on a valuable site of land given by a Yorkshireman, Mr. John Bullock. At the first quarterly meeting, held in March, 1841, this Society reported to the authorities in England

a church of sixteen members, seven of them being local preachers, and also a Sunday School numbering twenty children. From this meeting a letter was sent urging the Connexional authorities to send a minister without delay to take charge of the work.

Just at that time the General Missionary Committee was very much troubled with the mission in the United States of America and greatly discouraged by its lack of success. With an empty exchequer it could not see its way clear to comply with the request. At this juncture Bottesford Circuit came to the front as a maker of history, by suggesting that the children of our Sunday Schools should be asked to collect for our Australian missions. This plan was taken up and worked with such general success that sufficient funds were soon raised to enable the General Missionary Committee to respond to the urgent appeal from Adelaide, and two ministers, Joseph Long and John Wilson, were sent. This plan of the Bottesford Circuit has been a veritable gold-mine to our Missionary Society, and from the first our Australian missions were called "The Children's Missions." Once our Connexion had commenced colonial missions, interest was aroused in this work generally by the persistent and successful work of our Sunday School children, and soon the question of sending missionaries to New Zealand became acute throughout our churches.

NEW ZEALAND.

In November, 1843, the Rev. Wm. Harland,

attended a series of meetings in North Shields Circuit, as Missionary Deputation, and during a very powerful speech delivered at Old Cramlington Colliery, he referred to the new movement and how successfully the children were collecting for the Australian missions, and asked if the Sunday School *teachers* were going to allow the children to leave them behind in zeal for missions. Would they not determine to collect funds, not only to send missionaries to New Zealand, but also to sustain the work in that far-off colony? This suggestion and appeal was a divine spark which kindled the meeting into a flame of enthusiasm. A resolution was at once drawn up and signed by the Rev. John Lightfoot, Superintendent of the Circuit, and Mr. Thos. Hall, Superintendent of Old Cramlington Sunday School, as follows: "We approve of the suggestion concerning each Sunday School teacher raising the sum of 1s. during the ensuing year to aid in mission labours in New Zealand, and we resolve to carry this suggestion into operation, and to recommend the Connexion to do the same." Well done, Old Cramlington Colliery! The Connexion did the same, and so successful was the heaven-inspired plan that the first missionary sailed with his wife and family on Thursday, 2nd May, 1844, arriving at New Plymouth on the 29th of August following.

The Rev. Robt. Ward, Superintendent of the Mattishall Circuit, Norfolk, was selected for this very important task. No better choice could possibly have been made. On the third day after his

arrival in a new and strange country our now sainted brother commenced his labours by visiting the settlers from house to house, and at 2 o'clock of that his first Sabbath afternoon preached in the principal thoroughfare of that township. His text was 1 Tim. 1, 15: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." In 1846 the Rev. Henry Green was sent to New Zealand to assist Mr. Ward in the work in that colony, and in May, 1847, Mr. Green went to Wellington to open a cause there. In the same year (1847) a number of our members who had settled in Auckland, then the capital of New Zealand, sent a request through the Rev. R. Ward to the Missionary Committee in London, asking for a missionary to be sent there. Lack of funds prevented the Committee from complying immediately with this request, but the Conference of 1849 removed the Rev. Joseph Long from South Australia to New Plymouth so that the Rev. R. Ward might mission Auckland. The first land purchased in New Zealand for a Primitive Methodist church was secured by Mr. Ward in New Plymouth. This land was duly vested in trustees. The honour of acting as trustees for this property fell to the Rev. Robert Ward, Rev. Henry Green, and Messrs. Thomas Bailey (farmer), Henry Gilbert (farmer) and William Barrett (carpenter). The three laymen were local preachers. Shortly after this Mr. Green built a chapel in Wellington, but an earthquake in October, 1848, destroyed much property, including our

CIRCULAR QUAY, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

first chapel, together with the Wesleyan and Congregational chapels.

New South Wales.

In the beginning of 1845 some disaffected members of the Wesleyan Church in Sydney wrote to the newly-arrived ministers in Adelaide, requesting that one of the ministers then labouring in South Australia would come and open a mission in Sydney, promising considerable help financially and otherwise. In response to this appeal Mr. Wilson was sent to Sydney. He had a very warm welcome, and wrote to the authorities in London soon after his arrival, urging them to send more missionaries at once, stating that the "Macedonian cry" was reaching him from various places, and particularly from Maitland, Morpeth, Newcastle and other towns on the Hunter River. Mr. Wilson was a devout, simple-minded, unsuspicious Christian man, but not quite equal to the situation. He wrote at that time, 1845: "We have sixty-eight members in society, three local preachers, and five class leaders." *Twenty years* after this date I met Mr. Wilson in his shoeing smithy at Camden, N.S.W., where he had settled, after resigning the ministry, and was still serving God and his generation as an earnest and acceptable Wesleyan local preacher. Mr. Wilson's optimistic letter led the English authorities to send Mr. E. Tear out to Sydney to help Mr. Wilson in N.S.W. Soon after Mr. Tear's arrival in Sydney very serious trouble

arose through the conduct of many of the men who had welcomed Mr. Wilson. In dealing with the offenders, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Tear differed in their judgment, took separate lines of action, and like Paul and Barnabas at Antioch, separated. Mr. Wilson went to the Hunter River, but soon found the difficulties too great for him to deal with. He resigned the ministry and settled in Camden. Mr. Tear remained in Sydney, where he struggled against almost insuperable difficulties, and succeeded to some extent. The Rev. George James, in his "Brief Sketches of Primitive Methodism in N.S.W.," writes: "The need was now felt for a church. Hitherto worship had been carried on in various places which were very inconvenient, but Mr. Tear and his people resolved to build a house for the Lord their God. Ground was secured at Woolloomooloo, a suburb mostly covered with bush. The spot chosen was that on which the old Crown Street Church now stands, the mother church of New South Wales." This church, although only a small building, 33 ft. by 25 ft., took more than twelve months to build. Mr. Tear struggled on for some time, hoping to surmount the difficulties and build up a prosperous church, but at length his hope failed and he, too, resigned. During one of my five hundred miles journeys on horseback alone in the bush, along the northern coast lands of New South Wales, when I was stationed at Newcastle, I met this discouraged man of God, doing a good work, still holding fast his confidence and taking care that no man took his

crown. He was then living in a wild, unsettled district, where only a few families were scattered within an area of 100 miles, ministering to the needs of these families both physically and spiritually by acting as doctor and pastor. My readers cannot realise how great was his joy in meeting, quite unexpectedly, a minister of his still much beloved Church. The joy was quite mutual, for I was glad to find discouragements had not chilled his love for Christ nor weakened his attachment to His Church. The God of Elijah was feeding Edward Tear, and he was serving God and his generation to the very utmost of his abilities and opportunities.

In 1845 Mr. Wilson had reported sixty-eight members, five class leaders and three local preachers on the Sydney Mission. In 1850, after five years' labour in New South Wales, there was only one station, with two places, Sydney and Morpeth, about 100 miles apart. Mr. Wilson was at Morpeth and Mr. Tear in Sydney, with only seventeen members at both places. Pioneer work is not easy nor is success immediate. In the early 'fifties more men were sent to New South Wales, men of strength, zeal, courage and power, just fit for the difficult task of opening new territories. The Rev. J. Sharpe arrived in 1853, and a brighter face soon appeared on our work in that colony. Mr. Sharpe's great tact and business ability, his transparent honesty, his devout loyalty to his Church, and his exceptional ability as a preacher won for him the confidence and substantial help of such men as Sir J. Fairfax, proprietor of the *Sydney Morning*

Herald, J. Pemell, Esq., S. S. Goold, Esq., and many others, and made him a worthy leader of this great work.

During the troubles of those very exciting and history-making days the Rev. Robert Hartley, uncle of Sir Wm. P. Hartley, J.P., arrived in Sydney by appointment of Conference. He was one of the truest Christian gentlemen who have ever been called to toil for Christ. But the appointment involved suffering as well as toil. The minister who had become the leader of what must be called the unconstitutional party sought by their aid to constitute himself the minister of the Sydney Circuit in defiance of the Conference appointment. One Friday afternoon Mr. Hartley heard that this would-be usurper proposed to bring a strong party on the following Sunday and take the pulpit, by violence if necessary. At that time we had no legal status as a Church in the colony, but when I arrived in Sydney I got a short Act of Parliament passed, legally incorporating the Primitive Methodist Church in the colony. Mr. Hartley took possession of the pulpit on Friday afternoon and remained there until Sunday night. Mrs. Hartley attended to all his wants. On the Sunday morning at the usual time of service Mr. Hartley rose and announced a hymn, when the rebel minister and his party, who were present in large numbers, rose in the body of the church and commenced to sing a different hymn, and so the contention and strife continued, so that neither party was able to hold a service. On the next day the leader of the oppo-

sition was summoned before a police magistrate, charged with causing a disturbance likely to lead to a breach of the peace. After hearing the evidence his Worship very decidedly gave judgment in Mr. Hartley's favour, and entirely sustained the action he had taken. Such were some of the experiences in Sydney, in those early days, largely resulting from a false course at the start. Thus defeated in his purpose this minister refused to leave New South Wales to go to his Conferentially-appointed station in New Zealand, but sought to establish a rival church. He purchased a site of land under Torren's Act in his own name, and begged money to build a Primitive Methodist church on his *own property*. He got the money, built the church, which became, of course, his own private property. He took a house privately, gave up the minister's house, and *removed all the furniture* into the house he had taken, so that the duly-appointed minister was placed in very difficult circumstances. By the Conference of 1863 I was unexpectedly removed from Hobart to this difficult sphere. And when I and my wife and two little ones arrived there was no home for us and no one to receive us. I was a stranger in a strange land, with no money and no home, for early missionaries had not much of this world's goods. Had it not been for Mr. and Mrs. Hartley we should have been badly placed indeed. Dear Father and Mother Hartley as they were proudly called, shared their home with us until I was able to take a little cottage in the bush and get together a few absolutely necessary things.

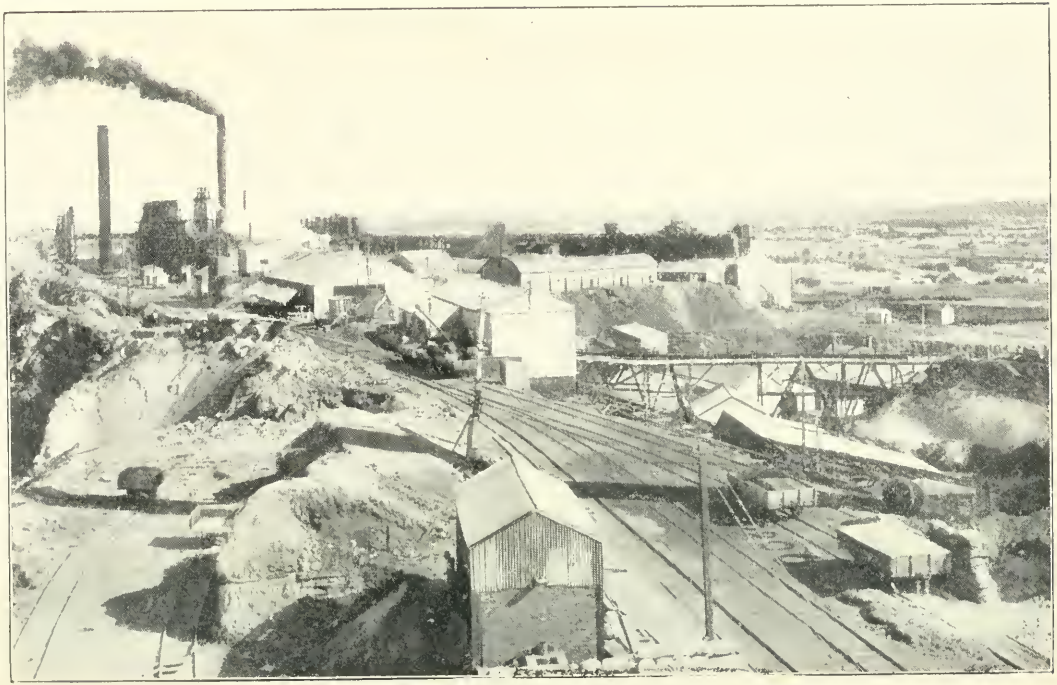
Our boxes we used as seats and tables. I bought a pair of straw palliasses, but we had no bed to lie on, only a flock bolster, but no pillow! Such are the "comforts" of pioneering in a new country. Unfortunately the conditions were more than my frail, but truly godly, uncomplaining wife could stand, and within about twelve weeks of our arrival in the colony she passed home to God, worn out by the roughness of the time, and broken-hearted because of the difficulties which surrounded us. God took her to wear a martyr's crown, the first Primitive Methodist missionary (for missionary she truly was) to fall on the Australian field. She was translated at midnight on Friday, 29th January, 1864, and on the Sabbath following we laid her ashes to rest in the Congregational burying ground, Devonshire Street, Sydney. A tombstone marks the sleeping place of her ashes, on which is engraved the following:—

"Harriet,
the beloved wife of the Rev. E. C. Pritchard,
who fell asleep in Jesus at Maryville Cottage,
St. Peter's Newtown,

January 29th, 1864.

She is not dead but sleepeth,
Her spirit gone before,
To rest with Him who keepeth,
His saints 'till time's no more.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that sleep in Jesus, when He cometh will God bring with Him."



SILVER MINE, BROKEN HILL, N.S.W.

Victoria

(or Port Phillip as it was then called).

Quite a number of our members having emigrated to this colony and naturally desiring to worship God with their own people, wrote to the home authorities urging the Conference to send a minister to Melbourne, and at the Conference of 1849 the Rev. John Ride, an eminently successful missionary in England, was sent. His appointment was not one of the most suitable that could have been made. Mr. Ride was an old man with *fixed* ideas, who could not adapt himself to the essentially different conditions of things in a new community. And the circumstances of the colony at this time demanded active, vigorous and resourceful young men. In 1850 gold was discovered in Victoria, and soon the whole populace became demoralised. Everybody, as the saying went, caught the gold fever, and rushed off to the *diggings*. As the news of the discovery spread to all parts of the civilised world tens of thousands of persons, representing all nationalities, came pouring into the gold-fields with the sole aim of getting gold, and to many of these the only question was to *get it*. The side considerations of honesty, equity, morality, or even *life* did not count. Many a man has killed his mate and fellow occupier of a small tent for his share of the gold they had raised. Bad as the records of the gold-fields are, they would have been infinitely worse but for the lives and labours of the

godly men and women connected with the various branches of the Christian Church, who went there purely and simply to serve the Master and rescue the perishing by throwing the life-line to the thousands sinking beneath the waves of the grossest immorality and vice. Thank God the Primitive Methodist Church nobly and successfully laboured in this Christ-like work. Many of our ministers who were sent out at, and subsequent to, this time were men of the right stamp, godly, intelligent, and physically strong young men who would have succeeded anywhere, men worthy of the Church that sent them out. Nor were their earnest, self-denying labours in vain. God very greatly honoured them with success, as He always does His faithful servants. The Ballarat, Burra-Burra, Bendigo, Geelong, and other circuits were soon heard of. In 1850 a new chapter in the history of Primitive Methodism was commenced. During the decade 1850-1860 about two thousand souls were gathered into the fellowship of our Zion. When the sparsity of the population, the very unsettled state of the country, and many other unfavourable conditions and circumstances are taken into account the result, if not deemed wholly satisfactory, must be regarded as very encouraging.

" Lastly we have Queensland, the youngest Australian Colony, which affords another instance of a people ' prepared of the Lord ' asking and waiting for a missionary, but not waiting with folded arms. W. Colley, a native of Strensall, near York, was in 1860 our pioneer missionary in Queensland. The first chapel in the colony was that of Fortitude Valley, a suburb of Brisbane, built on a site of land given by James Graham, who, years before, had proposed in his heart that if ever a preacher should come to this part of the country this spot should be given to the people of his early choice. In 1863 J. Buckle was appointed to Brisbane and Robert Hartley to Rockhampton, and each did splendid work in establishing and extending our denominational interests in their respective centres. It shows that big maps are indispensable where Australian matters are in question when we find Mr. Buckle telling us that, when in Brisbane in 1866, his nearest colleague in Rockhampton was separated from him a distance of 441 miles by the overland route, or 550 by sea, a distance as great as that between London and Edinburgh."—Rev. H. B. Kendall, " Connexional History."

CHAPTER III.

Aggressive Work, Queensland.

It is difficult to fix the real beginning of our Church in Queensland. The Rev. Joseph Buckle seems to have taken charge of the work in Brisbane in 1864. Mr. Buckle was a loyal Primitive Methodist, a man of considerable ability, energy and devotion to the Connexion's interests. He soon made a favourable impression on the inhabitants of the city. Being a man of some means and of great business ability he soon secured both the friendship and assistance of merchants, bankers and others able to contribute to his projects. In 1865 Mr. Buckle bought a prominent site of land in Leichardt Street, on which he built a good church. He also secured several very good sites in South Brisbane, in Toowong and other suburbs of the capital, and thus laid the foundation for a prosperous church in that city.

In the month of October, 1864, Rev. Robert Hartley removed to Rockhampton. Our work in the Colonies was hardly in a well-organised condition, and difficulties naturally sprang up.

When he arrived there he found that the site

which had been purchased for a chapel in the name of Primitive Methodism was in peril. The land had been paid for by promissory note; a very convenient way of buying land, but very uncertain and risky. The note was for an amount considerably more than the land was worth, and was long since overdue. What was to be done? Mr. Hartley was every inch a gentleman, and though not responsible he fearlessly faced the difficulty. The acceptor of the note was quite willing to accept Mr. Hartley in lieu of the drawer, but he hesitated and took the matter, as he did all his affairs, to God in prayer.

He rightly reasoned: "If this first purchase in the name of Primitive Methodism is disowned by the official representative of the Connexion, disaster will inevitably follow, and his efforts to raise a cause in the town would be defeated." He saw trouble ahead but believed that God would help him in his endeavour to maintain the character of his beloved Church, and like a brave man he signed the promissory note and took the risks. Shortly after that time we wrote to him asking him to come and preach anniversary sermons in Sydney. He consented, and went on board the steamer for that purpose. A gentleman in private dress went up to him and in a most respectful manner introduced himself as an Inspector of Police, saying at the same time: "I am instructed to prevent you from leaving the colony. I do not wish to attract attention but I must do my duty. I should be glad if you will quietly leave the steamer with your friends and the public will be none the wiser." Mr.

Hartley did so and was thus practically a prisoner in the colony, not because of any wrong done by himself, but because he had taken upon himself the responsibility of the wrong-doing of another. It was a trying situation. A weaker man would have gone under during the strain. Enemies were quite ready to take advantage of the difficulty. Even friends wondered what the issue would be. The authorities at home faltered; so astute a statesman as Dr. S. Antliff, who was visiting the colony at the time, was perplexed. Leaning against the massive stone wall looking over the harbour on the day before he left Sydney for Queensland, and about a week before I sailed for England, Dr. Antliff suddenly asked, "Do you know Robert Hartley, Mr. Pritchard?" "Very intimately, Doctor." "What sort of a man is he?" "One of the finest Christian gentlemen that ever came to the Colonies." "You surprise me," said the Doctor, "my instructions are so different." Calumny had crossed the water and jeopardised the position of one of the most faithful men Primitive Methodism has ever had in the colony. But just at that time Mr. Hartley's sun was in the ascendant; it had risen above the clouds that lay along the horizon and was beginning to flood the wilds of the Queensland bush for hundreds of miles around with a light radiating from the cross of his suffering Lord. In spite of bitter, cruel calumny Robert Hartley was then coming to his own. God was with him and was honouring him, and for many years after this his sun continued to shine until his Master called

him to his reward. He did a magnificent work in Queensland for his Church and the colony. His death was mourned as a national loss, and at an immense gathering of the people met to decide what form a tribute to his memory should take, it was decided that a drinking fountain should be erected in a prominent position in the city, it was deemed necessary to stipulate that no one should be allowed to contribute towards its erection more than *one shilling*, so that the thousands of people of all creeds and nationalities should have the privilege of assisting to perpetuate the memory of one so universally beloved. The finish of so noble a life was a splendid contrast to the rough experiences of the pioneer missionary in 1865.

Our cause in Queensland made considerable progress from the day Joseph Buckle took charge of the work in Brisbane and Robert Hartley took charge at Rockhampton. They were great leaders and an efficient, devoted staff of godly members supported them in all their work, aided by a goodly number of pious and intelligent laymen, amongst whom were Mr. Harding, J.P. (brother of the Revs. Harding in England), Mr. Morry (architect), Mr. W. A. Wilson and others.

The Rev. George James, in a series of articles published in the N.S.W. *Primitive Methodist Messenger*, writes of the early 'sixties as years of great enterprise, rapid enlargement, much toil but wonderful blessing:—

> "An event of special interest to the Primitive Methodists of Sydney was the erection of a new

church in Kent Street. An account of this church appeared in an English magazine called *The Christian Messenger*, from the pen of the late Rev. John Sharpe. From that article I now quote :—

" ' When I arrived in Sydney in 1854 I found ground had been purchased at a cost of £800 for a church in Kent Street. It had been settled on the Connexion's title deed and mortgaged for £1,000 and a portion of the balance had been used to pay the interest on the principal, the residue being safe in the bank to the credit of the trustees. Before we could build, the ground had to be cleared and excavated, a work which cost £600. The church was erected in 1855, in what is known in the history of the colony as " dear times." The church is 60 feet long and 35 feet wide outside, 22 feet from floor to ceiling, and is built of stone obtained from the spot. In 1859 a small four-roomed house was erected on that portion of the ground not occupied by the church.' The total cost from first up to 1867, when Mr. Sharpe's article appeared, he says including interest, etc., was £4,392. During Mr. Sharpe's superintendency £2,750 was raised, and during the superintendency of the Rev. R. Hartley £1,092, making a total of £3,843. Towards this outlay James Pemell, Esq., contributed the large sum of £350, Mr. S. S. Goold collected £500. Rev. and Mrs. Hartley laboured hard and successfully

during their stay upon the station, 'but,' says Mr. Sharpe, 'no one has walked more miles or assisted to raise more money than Mr. S. S. Goold. His labour and zeal were untiring, and we repeat a mere matter of history when we say that the Connexion is under more obligation to him in this, than to any other man in the Colony.'"

GOULBURN STATION.

"When Mr. Colley was removed to Rockhampton he was followed by the Rev. James Causeland; the station had become too extensive to be worked by one minister, and the Rev. W. Kingdon was sent out by the Missionary Committee. Mr. Kingdon went to reside at Jerrawa; the journeys were very long and the roads were very bad, and the mode of living was altogether different to what our brother had been accustomed to. It is not surprising that he should have been a little discouraged. He was not an expert horseman, and while learning to ride, like some others known to the writer, his descent from the back of his steed was occasionally more rapid than pleasant. In a letter I received from him not long before he died, he said, referring to those days, 'I had often to ride ninety miles to get to my Sunday appointments, namely, from Jerrawa to Wingecarribee.' This was doubtless trying to one who had scarcely ever been on a horse's back before leaving England, but it is said, 'Use is second nature.' If

TOWN OF MURWILLUMBAH, SHOWING MOUNT WARNING, TWEED RIVER, NORTH COAST DISTRICT, N.S.W.

that be so, the ministers on the Goulburn station had plenty of opportunities of becoming good riders. They had to live in the saddle.

"Mr. Causeland was succeeded in Goulburn by the Rev. J. A. Foggon, who was just the man for the work of the station. In addition to his unquestionable gifts as a preacher, he had business tact and knowledge. He knew how to use his power as a superintendent prudently and wisely. He had great physical endurance and dauntless courage, which in those days was of great service. During Mr. Foggon's ministry on that station bushranging was at its height. On more than one occasion he was met and stopped whilst on his preaching journeys by 'Gilbert, Hall and Co.,' although I have not heard that they did him any harm. I was much amused by an old gentleman, a great friend of Mr. Foggon's, who told me with great gusto that 'Mr. Foggon was on speaking terms with "Hall and Gilbert," the bushrangers.'

"Mr. Foggon was followed on the Goulburn station by the writer, who exchanged stations with him. His praise was in all the churches. I found the Goulburn station very hard on account of the long journeys, but the change from St. Peter's was a very pleasant change and had a beneficial effect upon my health. That which His servants fear, God sometimes makes the greatest blessing to them. During my term on the station many souls were converted. We had appointed a camp meeting at Parksburn. The week before the appointed meeting a great deal of rain fell; the

rivers were all flooded, but the Sunday morning was fine. Our local preachers did not put in an appearance; some of them had to come twenty-five miles and cross flooded creeks and rivers. The question was, what were we to do? Brother Brown said, 'Shall we go on with the meeting?' I said, 'If you will do the singing and praying I will do the preaching.' This was agreed to, so we went out amongst the gum trees and commenced. I spoke several times in the morning and again in the afternoon, and in the evening we held a love-feast. In the prayer-meeting which followed fifteen persons professed conversion. This was the commencement of a great revival, which continued many weeks. About the same time a great revival took place at Crookwell; whole families were converted. Many souls were saved at Goulburn also, and the work prospered mightily."

"We make a great blunder when we expect people to give up in a moment the whole beliefs of ages, the whole morals of the family, sanctified by the traditions of the heart, and not to lose something essential. We make a mistake still greater when we expect not only from native converts, but from white (by no means of the highest class), shipwrecked or stranded on these islands, a standard of conduct which no parish minister in the world would expect of his church members at home."—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

CHAPTER IV.

Religious Destitution in the Bush.

In 1861 I was labouring in Tasmania. I heard of a district, Port Esperance, situated on the Derwent about forty miles from Hobart, that was entirely destitute of all means of grace, and I felt called to mission work in this district. The only possible means of getting there was by a trading cutter of about forty tons. I persuaded the skipper to give me a passage, so one fine Saturday morning just as day was breaking I was landed in a dense forest of giant eucalyptus trees that stood from 200 feet to 400 feet high. I had a large one pointed out to me which I measured: it stood 330 feet high and measured 89 feet round the trunk five feet from the ground. I was credibly informed that there was an old giant hollow tree in which two families lived, each having a *suite* of four rooms. I may explain that this species of tree decays *from* the centre, the sap runs up immediately under the bark. Often the hollow tree will be found with an outside crust of about twelve inches firm and fairly sound, the limbs, top and centre all gone; and

people will make their homes in these hollow trunks. Once when riding from Wallsend to Minmi I was caught in a heavy tropical rain, and looking round for a place of shelter I saw one of these old, hollow giants, into which I rode and found it was already occupied by an old woman and several goats. A boy with a wheelbarrow followed me in, but there was ample room for more.

The land about Port Esperance was particularly good, and the people simply burned off the undergrowth and ring-barked the trees, which killed them. There were, within an area of four miles, fully two hundred settlers, who were making a lot of money by cutting and splitting shingles, weatherboards, palings, etc., and also growing vegetables for Hobart. But although the Government was netting a large sum from these settlers for licenses they were absolutely without educational advantages or religious privileges. There was a fairly well built and large house a short distance from the wharf which served as public-house, and the only store within a distance of forty miles, *by water*. There were a few slab and bark roof huts, and one fairly good weather-board four-roomed cottage with verandah along the front standing in a good-sized garden with fence round. After partaking of a little breakfast I commenced my long day's work of visiting every resident in the district, covering a radius of about twelve miles. As was my usual custom when I paid my first visit to a bush settlement, I went to the hotel and interviewed the landlord. I found him a

genial, communicative, fairly intelligent man. I told him who I was and what was my object in visiting Port Esperance. I told him I wished to hold two services the following day (Sunday) and asked him if he would let me have a room in which I could preach. "Yes, sir," he said, "I shall have great pleasure in preparing the ball-room for you; it is much the largest room I have and most suitable for your purpose." I thanked him and asked him what hours in the day would be most convenient for him. I had already learned that Sunday was the market day of the district, and with very few exceptions the people came to his shop to purchase their supplies for the following week and that frequently the day ended with quarrelling and fighting. His answer to my question was prompt and clear and spontaneous. "Oh, any time you please, sir." After getting a little information as to the habits of the people, etc., I decided for a service at 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. I then started on my task of visitation, telling everyone what time the services would be held. I can never forget the revelations and experiences of that day. I will *attempt* to describe two visits. First, a little home-built post and bark shanty, standing on a little clearing. As I went up to it I found a feeble old woman of some seventy years washing up her cups and plates; she was supporting herself with a stout staff in her left hand and was busy with her dish cloth in the right. As she gave no sign of her knowledge of my approach I concluded she was very hard of hearing, so I stepped in front of

her and in a loud voice said, "Well, mother, how are you?" She raised herself up straight and answered, "I don't know you, sir." I replied, "Do you know Jesus?" Without uttering a word she put her staff into her right hand and slowly toddled into her little home. I followed her in. In the centre of the room stood a large log about three feet high, which served as a table. There were three or four smaller logs about two feet high, which served as chairs to sit upon. There was not a single article of what we should call furniture standing on the earthen floor. She went up to a post that was one of the supports of the bark roof and to which some of the sheets of bark that formed one side of the shanty were nailed, and then I saw hanging there one of those contrivances such as I have often seen in English country cottages. It was made with three pieces of board of different lengths, a number of reels that had been filled with thread, string was threaded through them, and through holes that had been bored in the four corners of each board, so as to form a set of three book shelves, and from this she brought an old quarto Bible. Placing it on the table log, she drew up two of the smaller logs close to it, sat on one herself, and putting her right elbow on the table and her hand to her ear, as the tears were streaming down the wrinkled cheeks of the dear old soul, she waited to hear me read words from that precious book. I read several portions in a loud voice then knelt down close to her and talked with our common Father, asking His blessing on all in that

district. When we rose from our knees she looked at me with an expression of longing and gratitude I can never forget. "Oh, sir, she said, *it is six years since I heard His name!*" My question, "Do you know Jesus?" had completely choked her utterance, for she never uttered a word until now. Just fancy, my reader, this dear old pilgrim with a godless, drunken husband, had never heard the name of Jesus uttered for six years! Her "Beloved" had never left her, and she was hoping soon to see Him. I could not speak as I left, but looking at her I gripped her hand and pointed upwards. I shall meet her in the morning, when all the billows of life's troubled sea have rolled over.

My next visit was to the only place worth calling "home," even in the bush of Australia, that I saw that day. This was a fairly well-built four-roomed weather-boarded cottage with a shingle roof and a verandah along the front. The room I entered was fairly well furnished for a bush house. After a sympathetic chat, in which I heard a tale of trial and bereavement, reading Scripture and prayer I rose to leave. The woman walked with me on to the verandah, and pointing to a mound at the bottom of the garden said, "Do you see that mound, sir? Twelve years ago I buried my husband there. He left me with a family of small children. This place was our own, then, but I have been compelled to mortgage it to buy bread for my children. Last week it was sold by the mortgagee as there were several years' interest due which I could not pay, and next week I have to leave, and

then the bones of my poor husband will be dug up and thrown about like the bones of a dog." She turned into the home she *must* leave so soon, unable to speak another word, and I left as the lump rose in my throat, praying our loving Father to bottle her tears.

Yes, in that district at that time most of the people were living in a state of concubinage, for there was no one to marry them, no one to baptise their children, no one to bury their dead. They were quietly burying their dead in their own gardens, when they had a garden, and those that had no garden buried their dead in the bush near their shanty. One of the sights that most affected me in Australia was when visiting settlers in the bush one day I saw a farmer who, with his wife, had been struggling for some years to make a home for themselves. A lonely home it was, for they had no family. The wife sickened and died. There was no doctor to visit her, no neighbour to help, no minister to comfort. The husband made the best coffin he could, put the remains of his loved one in, nailed the lid on, then put his horse in his cart to take her some miles away to bury her; but alone he could not lift the coffin into his cart, and when I reached his place he was seeking someone to help him lift it. Thank God, I was enabled after my return to Hobart to arrange for the settlement of a schoolmaster at Port Esperance to teach the children and to conduct regular religious services. These are the essentials of every community.

Bushranging.

"Yes, it was a wild enough life in the old digging days, but a happy one, too, and the memories surrounding it are most romantic of any in the whole history of Australia. Of course the gold drew a very queer lot from the scum of the earth to the new land, and here were to be found those who were disappointed, or who were discontented, or in debt, the adventurous, the ne'er-do-wells of the family, the unsettled and the criminal part of all the communities of the globe. You cannot wonder, then, if crime was rife, and that robbery and easy ways of making money were used by a section of the motley crew drawn together by the various 'rushes.'

"It was thus that bushranging was encouraged."
—Dr. W. H. Lang.

CHAPTER V.

Tasmania.

THE PEOPLE, COUNTRY, TRAVELLING, MISSIONARY EFFORTS.

As Van Dieman's Land, this island had been known as a penal settlement for many years, and thousands of long-sentenced men and women were transported there from Great Britan and Ireland. Many of these were simply social reformers whose opinions were in advance of the time, Chartists and others who had never been convicted of any crime, intelligent, honest men writhing under wrongs that have either been removed or greatly modified long since, largely as a result of their honest, outspoken advocacy of reforms. The England of to-day, with all her social and industrial ills, dying far too slowly, is a great improvement on the England of sixty or eighty years ago. There were, however, many transported to Van Dieman's Land and Botany Bay of a very different type, men who had been convicted of the vilest deeds and others who were past-masters in the art of scheming and roguery.

In 1854, in consequence of a very respectfully worded appeal from the Legislative Council to the home authorities, the name was changed to "Tasmania," in honour of the Dutch navigator "Tasman," who discovered it in 1642.

Captain Cook visited the district, and in 1798 King George III. established his right to it by proclamation. The first settlement was formed in Hobart Town in 1803. Lieut. John Brown, of H.M.S. *Glatton*, was sent there. He landed with a surgeon, three soldiers, ten male and six female prisoners, and they settled at a place on the north bank of the Derwent, which Lieut. Brown called Risdon. Lieut. Brown declared himself Commandant and Superintendent of the new colony, as instructed by the authorities of the day.

Within two months of this official settlement the party, strengthened by other prisoners of good character and some free settlers, had a kangaroo hunt, when a large body of aborigines came up to the camp of the settlers, who taken unawares and thinking the blacks had hostile intentions fired on them. Fifty of them fell victims to the settlers' guns. From that day it was war to the knife between the uncivilised natives and the *civilising* trespassers on the soil, and the horrible story of lust, brutality and murder forms a dark chapter in the history of early colonial settlement.

Batches of convicts, both male and female, were frequently sent there, and the populace rapidly increased. In 1812 a sailor was convicted in England of highway robbery and transported to Van

Dieman's Land. The old instinct soon asserted itself after his arrival, and not being very carefully guarded he made his escape and took to the bush, where his deeds of cruelty and murder made him a terror to the few white residents.

Michael Howe, for that was his name, took up with a native girl and allied himself with the aborigines. For a long time, with the aid of his black paramour, he managed to elude the pursuit of the authorities, for the bush was her home and she knew every nook and cranny and hiding place into which a white man could scarcely crawl. A party of settlers were soon eager in pursuit, but when Howe and his small band of desperado outlaws were at last encountered, the colonists were defeated and five of their number killed. This, however, did not satisfy Howe and his bloodthirsty companions, for they made an attack on the homestead of the leader of the settlers. The house in the meantime had been filled with soldiers, who gave them a warmer reception than they expected, and all Howe's mates were either shot dead or scattered; but he managed to escape by the "skin of his teeth," and securing the head of one of his most daring leaders as a mascot, he hurried away from the scene into the bush, flying for his life through the Rocky Mountains accompanied by his faithful, deer-footed black girl. The notoriety Howe had gained by his atrocious crimes led the authorities to put a very heavy price on his head, dead or alive, and varied efforts were made to capture him. One day, when hard pressed by a soldier and a convict named Worral,

who had been promised a free pardon if he would either shoot or take him, his black girl fell sick, which retarded his progress, and fearing, if he left her she might give information against him, he turned and shot her. But in his great haste he did not shoot her dead, as he supposed. She recovered, and stirred by passionate revenge, became his most dangerous pursuer. She knew every one of his hiding places and his habits, so that with such a guide he was soon surrounded. Once two of his pursuers managed to capture and bind him, but he slipped his bands and shot his captors dead. So bloodthirsty a villain could not escape long. A soldier and Worral, the convict, taking their lives in their hands, and led by the black girl came upon him at last, when a terrible fight ensued. Capture was impossible, but they managed to kill him with the butt-ends of their rifles; and thus ended the terrible career of one of the greatest villains that ever cursed Van Dieman's Land. This story will give some idea of the wild life led by many of the colonists who in those early days invariably slept with loaded firearms near their pillows ready for action at any moment. Many of the bushrangers were already so steeped in crime that the taking of a life more or less could add nothing to the penalty already earned.

The treatment of the blacks by the white population was most inhuman. Thousands of them were shot without the least cause or offence, and with no fear of punishment for such wrong.

In the year 1837 the last of the Van Dieman's

Land aborigines, three hundred in number, were transferred to Flinders Island.

At that time the white convict population amounted to 17,593. There were, of course, a few free whites in the colony, but comparatively a small number. When I arrived in 1860, only five years after transportation had ceased, the "old hands," as they were very commonly called, still vastly outnumbered the free population, who had settled mainly in the towns, although hundreds of free emigrants, to whom the Government had given free or assisted passages, had settled in the country. For many years there were very few who ventured to settle in the bush, and generally those of the labouring class who did so were compelled to pose as "lags." When questioned by their convict neighbours they would own to convictions they had never received, and would declare they had come out in such or such a convict ship which probably they had never seen. Frequently under the early assisted passage system the grossest immorality prevailed on board the emigrant ships. A short time after my arrival in Hobart a ship arrived with about 160 servant girls on board. Nearly all of them had suffered wrong during their long voyage, and were landed in a most pitiable condition. As soon as the ship entered port the captain fled the country, and what became of him I never knew. I always visited these emigrant ships on their arrival, and enquired if there were any sons or daughters of our own members on board. On this ship I found a very respectable, modest, good-looking

young woman, who was a member of one of our most loyal and godly families in the old London Third Circuit. Poor girl! I can never forget her distress, but what a joy it was to be able to help and care for her until we secured for her a good situation, where she did well. The presence of the missionary in these Colonies has saved many from terrible shipwreck in the new country. When I first settled in Hobart I was advised to sleep with a loaded revolver within reach of my hand, as nearly everyone did so. Instead of doing this I put myself, my dear wife and all belonging to me under the wing of the Almighty, and always felt safe nestling there. In all my twenty-two years' work in Australasia, which involved the riding on horseback, alone in the bush, of considerably over *one hundred thousand miles,* I never carried a revolver. The only offensive or defensive weapon I ever carried was a whip with loaded handle, in case I met a devil or tiger in Tasmania, or dingo (wolf) in Australia. I have often encountered the bush-rangers, but they knew the character of all travellers. They knew that I was a man of peace, and therefore they never interfered with me. I have been followed for miles by an aboriginal tribal chief with poisoned spears, yet I can truly say I never knew what fear was. The ninety-first Psalm was always a favourite psalm of mine. It was my shield and my defence.

Society in Hobart at that time was very mixed and rough. I have married couples who had grandchildren grown up. I believe I should be within

the truth if I said that at that time fully half the people posing as husband and wife were not married.

About twelve months after my arrival in Hobart there was a great State function, the opening of the city waterworks by his Excellency the Governor, supported by the civic authorities and all the clergymen of the different churches. The Superintendent of Police was there controlling and directing his men. The ceremony passed off with great *eclât*. It was a real gala day, attended and enjoyed by the people of the city and neighbourhood. The Superintendent of Police was a near neighbour of mine. After our return from the ceremony at the "Cascades" he took his wife for a drive past our house. Returning late after a spell of drinking at a public-house on the road he and his wife soon commenced quarrelling. None of the neighbours suspected anything unusually wrong, as with him and his wife a quarrel after a country drive and a "stay" on the road was the usual thing. On this occasion, however, at 4 o'clock the following morning he went out to the sergeant on the beat and gave himself up for murdering his wife. When the police entered the house they found the woman dead and her body in a condition showing the result of unspeakable cruelty. What became of this fiend after his incarceration in Hobart jail was concealed from the public. He never had a public trial. After he was locked safely in jail he sent for the Romish Priest, who visited him. But the issue was never made public.

This was at least his second murder. For murdering his wife in Great Britain, under great provocation, it was said, he was transported for life. He was not long in Hobart Town before he received a "ticket-of-leave," and very soon afterwards he joined the police force. Once enrolled his rise was rapid until he stood on the highest rung of the ladder. Enough to say society was mixed. We had a large mixture of the worst elements, but thank God, many godly men and women were found in all the churches who, like their Divine Master, went about doing good. The conduct of the Government in its relations to the very poor and most depraved was based on the principles of the New Testament: *preventive* measures and *redemptive* plans and benevolent deeds were encouraged and aided by official departments.

In those early days all public-houses were closed at 10 p.m. and from 10 p.m. on Saturday until 6 o'clock on Monday mornings no public-house was allowed to be open to anyone. Ample provision was made for the poor so that no one *need* suffer hunger. There was also a comfortable home provided for the aged and infirm at what was called the brickfields, where all necessaries and even occasionally luxuries were supplied by kindly attendants. I have often visited the old people, conducted religious services and talked personally with them in this institution. We used to have a service regularly on Sunday afternoons. The Sheriff, a godly Wesleyan, frequently attended. He took a special interest in the aged poor. I have many

pleasing memories of the grateful thanks, flowing tears and joyous experiences of many of these dear old souls, but of these I must not enlarge.

Notwithstanding the depraved condition of many of the people, I gladly confess that the vilest of the "old hands" never insulted or opposed me when conducting open-air worship. They seemed fully to realise that I was a messenger of good tidings, that I was endeavouring to touch their *real* manhood and lead them to a nobler and purer life. They would not stand to be patronised and spoken to as if you were stooping very low to associate with them, even in a religious service. Hold out to them a brother's hand and say, "My brother, you have missed your way; you are really a nobler being than you fancy yourself to be; you have allowed your environment to besmear and enslave you; shake off those who are dragging you down, throw off your filthy garments, come to the fountain, wash and be clean. That soul of yours when stripped of those filthy rags that cover it and washed by the blood of my blessed Saviour will be fit to stand among the angels of God in His glorious heaven without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. Come to Jesus now, for 'Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation.' Come now, God help you to come!"

This was my way of addressing people in the open-air, and in all the thousands of open-air services I conducted in Tasmania and Australia I was never insulted by the most depraved. During my work in Australia I met with hundreds of back-

sliders, many of whom had forsaken God before they left the old country, others during their voyage out, and still others after their settlement in the new country. In the bush in those early days there were very few churches, little regard for the Sabbath or religion, and in many cases the dates of the month and even the *days* of the week were forgotten.

In thus writing my own experience, I am very largely writing that of other missionaries. It is the old, old story which appeals to these rough and isolated colonists.

Tasmania was more favoured in respect to roads and travelling than the other colonies. Under prison *régime* a magnificent macadamised road was made from north to south, from Hobart to Launceston, a distance of 122 miles, by convict labour. In conversations I have had with an old convict who was converted under my labours, and who spoke of his own knowledge and experience, I learned that almost every yard of that distance were it gifted with speech would tell of deeds of cruelty and blood. The "gangers" in charge of the working convicts were clothed with absolute authority, their word was law, and they were accompanied by armed soldiers whose duty it was to execute their orders. Often they were told to tie a man to the triangles and give him 25 or 50 lashes with the cat, according to his real or supposed crime or the whim of the man-slayer. In many cases a man was tied up and shot without judge or jury. I will not dwell further on the dark deeds of those days. The

convict system, when in the hands of humane and just administrators was decidedly an improvement on the black hole of Calcutta, and the many licenses given, and concessions made, were not only in the interest of national economy, but also in the interests of the convicts themselves. The hiring out of well-behaved convicts, men and women, to free settlers of good character, was a well-intended plan in the interests of both parties, although in so many cases it turned out a failure in bringing about desired results. I am in a position to speak with authority on this plan, and without hesitation or reserve I say that, while in some cases the conduct of the convict was the cause of its failure, more often than not it was the unreasonable exaction of labour and cruelty on the part of the free man or *woman,* especially the woman, which led to failure. My indignation has often been aroused when listening to the stories of sufferers. One particular case I have in mind. An old couple who had been *somebodies* in England in their early days, but who had fallen on bad times and had emigrated to Hobart and taken a little place with a large garden, had secured a middle-aged convict as "hired-out servant." The man was a very decent old fellow, but very deaf. The woman was a little spitfire, ruling her husband with a rod of iron, but her treatment of the man-servant was one of systematic cruelty. If by any act, word or silence quite unintentionally he gave her ladyship offence, she would order her husband to send this man with a note to the magistrate, complaining of his conduct,

for which he would get twenty-five lashes with the cat.

I know one case where three convicts were hired out to a couple, and in this case the woman was a perpetual tormentor. The worst feature of this hiring-out system was that the convict had no means of redress, no court of appeal. These poor fellows endured their torment until they felt that death itself would be preferable to a life of such misery, so they took to the wild bush right away from all settlers, as they knew they would be hunted for running away and if caught hanged. For over a year they managed to evade their pursuers, subsisting on what birds they could catch, wallaby, kangaroo, rats or even the large worms under the bark of the trees, or, in fact, anything they could get hold of to sustain life. At last one of the three died, and the other two ate as much of his carcase as possible until a second died, then the third found his way to an out-station and surrendered himself to the authorities. After a magisterial examination, when no charge was preferred against him excepting running away from his tormentors, he was convicted and hanged.

Notwithstanding the many tragedies under the working of this regulation, it was a real God-send to many as it opened to them a broad and sure way to absolute liberty and a respectable, honoured and even affluent position in society.

While in Hobart I was credibly informed that the man, John Frances, who shot at Queen Victoria, May 30th, 1842, as she was driving

down Constitution Hill with Prince Albert, and whose sentence to death was commuted to transportation for life, was sent to Van Dieman's Land. There he became very wealthy and offered to build a 75-gun frigate and fit it out ready for war and present it to the Admiralty if the Government would only grant him a *permit* to visit England for a short time. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the report in detail, but I know it was very generally believed when I was there in the 'sixties, and if it were not entirely true it goes to emphasise the statement that hundreds of convicts became very wealthy.

TRAVELLING.

Travelling in Tasmania was very much easier in those days in consequence of the many excellent roads made by convict labour. The four-horse coach used to run every day except Sunday between Hobart and Launceston. We used to start at 5 a.m. and at about 8 o'clock stop for breakfast at a good township hotel, where we made our second change of horses. Twenty minutes were allowed for that meal. Of course I was a "new chum" in colonial travelling, but my first two journeys were an eye-opener to me. On stepping down from the coach a most polite waiter met us. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, this way to the cloak-room, after your dusty ride you will enjoy a wash and a brush down." Two brushes only, and eight or ten passengers to brush down, so that by the time we had

finished our toilet and got into the dining-room the coach was ready to start again, and the guard would come hurriedly in saying, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, all aboard, the coach is just starting." On looking through the window you saw to your amazement the horses, rearing and prancing, while the driver was apparently doing his utmost to hold them, while he was shouting, "Quick, gentlemen, quick, or you will be left behind." This bit of comedy was repeated again at dinner-time. I soon saw that this was a bit of acting, and instead of being led into the cloak-room on arrival at the breakfast and dinner hotel, I made straight for the dining-room and, without waiting for carvers or waiters, I would seize a knife and fork and help myself to the best that was provided. On entering the room I had paid my two shillings and sixpence, so I resolved I would have something for it. Frequently it was ten minutes after arrival before the meal was on the table, and the coach was bound to start at scheduled time for we "carry Her Majesty's mail," the guard would say. I soon felt sure that the guard and the publican were in league to save as much as possible out of the provision bill. After a few journeys, when the meal was a little late in being placed on the table, I learned to seize the leg of a chicken, duck or turkey, or a grilled chop or steak with a good junk of bread, and pack them ready for the journey, then drink a good mug of coffee or tea with hot milk, and I was ready to leave with Her Majesty's mail coach when the guard's call came. It is astonishing how

soon a man learns to adapt himself to circumstances. Many a startling experience is met with in bush travelling. Sometimes in crossing rivers in flood the horses will be suddenly taken off their feet and you will begin to ask yourself on which side of the coach you had better strike out for safety.

They do not trouble very much about "breaking the horses in" before putting them in the coach. I remember very distinctly once on the journey to Launceston from Hobart, when we changed horses at Jerrico a big, handsome, well-bred piebald was brought up with three old stagers to be put in for the first time. Of course the "green 'un" was put on the off-wheel. When all four were yoked to the coach, the driver gripping the reins firmly in his left hand, cracking his whip loudly cried, "Off, my beauties," at the same time bringing the lash of his whip smartly down on the back of the colt, which flung itself down full length on his right side. The other three horses had started off at a full gallop. For about two hundred yards this beautiful creature was dragged on its side along the hard macadamised road before the coach was stopped, when it was found that the hip bone was rubbed out, several ribs broken, and the only thing that could be done was to draw the damaged horse into the bush and end its sufferings with a shot. Another was quckly put in its place that was more *lively* than stubborn, and away we went. This was the usual method of "breaking" horses for the coach. They soon sober down to the work. This

piebald was the only one I ever saw so stubborn; they are usually very full of go, but the weight behind and the three old stagers generally keep them fairly quiet. But the fewer nerves you have the better. Not infrequently in going "up country" in Australia, when ascending a rough, steep part, sometimes in the middle of the night, after the horses had been alternately coaxed and flogged, the driver would say, "It is no use, gentlemen, the horses simply cannot do it; please jump down and put your shoulders to the wheel and give her a lift to the top of the hill." Or perhaps there has been a very heavy rainfall and you are going through a flat piece of country, when suddenly the coach sinks up to the axles in a quagmire and you are roused from a midnight dose by the cry, "Now, gentlemen, down quick and your shoulders to the wheels and let us get out of this, or we shall soon be down to 'Davy Jones' Locker.'" To jump down into mud up to your knees and put your shoulders to the wheel is only the work of a few seconds. After you have got the coach and horses out of the slough on to solid or at least passable ground, you may find, as I have done, in scraping the mud off your legs and feet, your boots covered with blood, for many of the swamps are full of leeches, and they take their toll.

I went to Newcastle, New South Wales in 1864, and at that time there was not a *yard* of road made in any direction outside the boundary of the city. Of course, our travelling was done on horseback and we had plenty of it. At one period my circuit

A RIVER VIEW IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

was 250 miles long and 40 miles wide. I had fourteen churches to supply and only one ministerial colleague, Rev. James Studds. He is now Archdeacon under the Bishop of Goulburn, N.S.W. We called into our ministry Charles E. Ward, the son of our first New Zealand missionary, Rev. R. Ward. Mr. Ward has served the Church faithfully and efficiently. He is now the veteran Vice-President of the Methodist Church of New Zealand.

Several of our members from England emigrated to this garden isle of the southern seas and settled in Launceston, the second largest town on the island, situated on the beautiful Tamer, the nearest part to the mainland, and the chief point of communication between the island and Melbourne, and having formed themselves into a Primitive Methodist Society, appointed a class-leader, collected class moneys, and held prayer-meetings. As there were among them several local preachers, men of piety and intelligence, they soon determined upon holding a real old-fashioned English camp-meeting. A lovely spot was selected on the side of Windmill Hill, south of the town. An evangelical Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Mr. Lindsay, whose church they had attended, was interviewed and his assistance solicited, which was cheerfully given. The meeting was duly advertised in the local newspaper, and on November 28th, 1858, a very largely attended and successful camp meeting was held, the Rev. Mr. Lindsay being one of the afternoon preachers. In the next issue of the local paper a very sympathetic and fully descriptive article ap-

peared, which greatly assisted these pioneers of our Church in their godly enterprise.

Determining from the first to have a minister from England, this band of godly souls liberally subscribed week by week, and carefully husbanded their class moneys and collections. I should like to pay a tribute to the liberality of our people in the southern world. I was many years in Australasia before I saw a *copper* in the collection plates or boxes. I have seen hundreds of one pound notes, sovereigns, half-sovereigns, crowns, half-crown pieces, etc. Notes, gold, and silver were the recognised currency of the Church. The liberality of our first Tasmanian Society is shown in their application to the Conference for a minister. It was accompanied by a bank draft for £60 towards the expense of outfit and passage. The Conference of 1858, on receiving this application, determined to grant the request and the Rev. Joseph Langham, of the Tunstall District, sailed from London on 19th February, 1859. Later in the same year the Rev. J. A. Foggon went to assist Mr. Langham, who, on arrival, went to take up the work at Longford. Here a godly, well-to-do squatter of the name of Mason, with his wife and family, had joined our Church, not only contributing liberally to the various funds of the Church, but in every possible way rendered whole-hearted service in the enlargement of our work. The Conference at Tunstall, 1860 (the Jubilee year of our Connexion) signalised its Jubilee by sending out a missionary party of ten in the barque *Irene*, under Captain Bruce. The

vessel was only 400 tons register. She was built to carry passengers, and might be regarded as a slow sailing but substantially built and comfortable long-voyage yacht. Captain Bruce was a very kind, chatty, genial Scotchman, who did all in his power to make his passengers as much at home as possible in his beloved ship. His officers and crew were all picked men, civil and respectful to all the passengers. We carried our own live stock, poultry, pigs and sheep, which were killed on board. Of course we had a baker and butcher among the ship's hands. The flour taken was the best quality, but when we got about half way the weevils in it had multiplied so enormously that the bread was nearly black. Those days were also *pre*-water-condensing days, and though we had plenty of water on board in several immense tanks it soon became very offensive so that we could not drink it. During our passage through the "*doldrums*" (between the north and south trade winds), when tropical storms of rain came on, the main sail was spread in the rigging, tied up at the four corners, and in this way we caught some tons of fresh water and refilled our tanks, which considerably improved matters. The party consisted of the Rev. W. J. and Mrs. Dean and family, Rev. Elijah and Mrs. Greenwood, Rev. E. Cook Pritchard and Mrs. Pritchard, and Rev. W. H. Walton. Mr. Dean went to Newcastle, N.S.W., and Messrs. Greenwood and Walton to Victoria. Mr. Pritchard went to Tasmania to open a mission in Hobart, the capital, which it situated in the northern portion of

the island on the majestic Derwent River, and is 122 miles from Launceston. This distance is bridged by a splendid macadamised road, made entirely by convict labour, one of the finest roads I ever travelled on in any part of the world. Hobart and other towns on the island are now connected by a good railway service. When I was there in 1860-3 I travelled the distance between Hobart and Launceston on the top of a four-horse coach in nine hours. This was, of course, exceptional, and only occurred when "Page," the old mail carrier, was opposed by an American of the name of "Brown." Those days were days of "bushrangers," days of excitement and surprises for travellers. Page's driver was, I think, the most capable driver I ever saw handle the ribbons of a four-horse coach. He was, as most of them were, a cheery, chatty, genial fellow with a good road story to tell. One of many he told me must suffice. Driving from Launceston to Hobart only a short time before, in a lonely part of the bush near Glenorchy a bushranger, mounted on a magnificent horse, suddenly leaped in front of him, and presenting a revolver at him cried, "Bail up!" In the twinkling of an eye Jehu, with the unerring stroke of his long, heavy thong at the end of his four-horse whip, had cut directly across both his eyes, and as the end of the lash curled round his head dragged him out of his saddle and laid him blind and *quite helpless* on the ground; and thinking probably this ranger had one or two mates near, galloped off on his journey. I said to him that it was a risky thing to do. "But *suppose*

you had *missed* your mark, his eyes, he would certainly have shot you and probably all on board the coach." He looked at me with one of his cunning expressions of countenance, and pointing to a fly on the back of one of his leading horses said, "Do you see that fly?" And before I had time to answer him he had brought his whip round, and with the thong had cut the fly from off the horse's back. Travellers by coach needed to be quite awake in those days.

A Great Change.

"The transformation of the natural into the spiritual man is one of the most wonderful achievements of Divine grace. St. Jerome tells of the custom of the Empire when a tyrant was overcome; they used to break the head of the conqueror and so it passed wholly to the new prince. So it is in the kingdom of grace. Sin is overcome and a new heart is put into us, so that we may serve under a new head. Instantly we have a new name given us, and we are esteemed a new creation."—Jeremy Taylor.

CHAPTER VI.

Early Victories.

On our arrival at Hobart we took a four-roomed cottage in Colville Street, purchased a little necessary furniture, and on the first Sabbath after our arrival opened our commission in the open-air in the public park called the "Domain," near Government House, overlooking the "Derwent." I had no Primitive Methodist Society to meet me, but I had a kindly reception from the ministers and churches of the city. Perhaps considering our experiences in at least one of the other colonies it was an advantage to be dumped down a perfect stranger, uninvited, unsought, to open my commission as the representative of a Church whose history was favourably known in every part of the civilised world.

In my house-to-house visitations in the city and in our open-air meetings, I soon found a few who had been members of our Church in the Mother Country, but unfortunately every one had made shipwreck of their faith and were then without a hope in Christ. Happily I had the joy of leading

several of them back to the open arms of a loving and forgiving Father. One typical case I will briefly record. Soon after my settlement there I was visiting one afternoon in Argyle Street and called at a very small two-roomed cottage, and found it occupied by a Scotchman, his wife and two children, a boy and girl. The man, a tall, strongly-built Scotchman, thirty-five years of age, was lying on a bed in the inner room, a paralytic, dead from the bottom of the spine downwards. From conversation I soon gathered that, having emigrated to Tasmania he joined the mounted constabulary force, and being almost constantly engaged in hunting the "bushrangers," a very daring race of armed bandits, he frequently spent many days together in the bush watching the haunts of these outlaws; and at these times the only possible chance he had of getting any sleep was to hobble his horse and lie down in his clothes on the ground, often wet to the skin, paralysis being the penalty he was paying. I found that, notwithstanding he had lost his health in the service of the Government, and therefore all power to earn a living for himself, wife and children, the Government did not allow him a shilling, his little savings were nearly exhausted and he had no income from any source other than charity. After I had got so much of his history and learned his circumstances, I changed my line of conversation. I said, "I am a Primitive Methodist minister, come to settle in Hobart and try to lead the people to Jesus." When I had got so far, William Baker, for that was his

name, broke into a fit of uncontrollable, convulsive weeping, so much so that I was considerably alarmed and for some minutes I could not speak to him. At length he sobbed, "Oh, sir, when you said you were a Primitive Methodist minister it took me back to Glasgow and to the time when I was a member of Rev. Colin Campbell McKechnie's Bible Class. Oh, those happy days, but I left Scotland and came to this country, joined the mounted constabulary force and forgot my God, and here I am a poor, miserable sinner!" He could say no more. I said, "If you have forgotten your Heavenly Father he has not forgotten you, but is waiting the home-coming of His prodigal child." I prayed for him, talked with him and his faithful Janet; they both prayed, they wept, I wept for joy, the children wept because their parents wept, but Bochim was soon changed into a place of Joy, for were not the angels rejoicing over the return of the lost sheep, and the Father had folded in His bosom His returned lost son. I immediately took my class-book out of my pocket and registered the names of William and Janet Baker, amidst many expressions of thankfulness and joy. From that day I very frequently visited their humble but hallowed cot. William Baker presented from the hour of his return to God until the moment of his translation the most perfect example of Christian rest and peace I have ever met in all my experience. He *had* faith in God and trusted unquestioningly for all necessary things, fully resting on Paul's statement, "My God shall supply all your

need" (Phil. iv. 19). Although he had *absolutely* no income, and his wife in consequence of his helpless condition and great suffering and their two young children needing her care, was unable to earn anything at all towards their support, yet during the little over two years he lived before the end came it is literally true to say, *All* his needs were supplied. Like George Müller, of the Bristol Orphanages, William Baker laid all his needs before the Lord in simple child-like language and expected and *always* received an answer. From my journal I will give two or three extracts: "Visited Brother Baker, found him weeping. I said, 'What is the matter, what is troubling you?' He replied with a face beaming with joy through a flood of tears, 'Oh, nothing the matter, I am weeping for joy. I cannot help it. Here I am lying, one of the most helpless of God's children, and yet I am living on the fat of the land, wanting for nothing. I have only to tell my Father what I want and He sends it.'" At the first renewal of tickets after his conversion I took his and his wife's, for I concluded that although he could never meet us in class yet it would be a joy to him to feel that he was reckoned as one of us.

I will quote from my journal:—"This afternoon I took William and Janet Baker's tickets. I went into his room and sat down on the stretcher near his head, took my class-book out of my pocket and handing him the tickets I said, 'I thought you would be pleased to receive your ticket although you cannot meet with us; you will see

we remember you and it will make you *feel* you are one of us.' His eyes filled, his face twitched with emotion but lighted up with a real joy. He did not speak but quietly put his hand under his pillow and drew thereform a small parcel which he handed to me. When I opened it I found wrapped in paper two half-crown pieces. I said, 'What is this for?' He replied faintly, 'For our class tickets.' I answered, 'I could not think of taking it in your circumstances, I would like to help you a little instead of taking money from you,' and put it back on his bed. He looked at me with tears in his eyes, his lips trembled, and in a half-choking, appealing whisper said, 'Won't you take it?' I saw he was very deeply moved and that if I persisted in refusing it I should rob him of a great joy, so I at once took the two half-crowns and put them into my purse, took the class-book out of my pocket again, and while entering the money over against their names said, 'Brother Baker, I will take it as your quarter's subscription to the funds of the Primitive Methodist Hobart Mission.' His face brightened and he said, 'I am so pleased you have taken it; I knew it was near the time for the renewal of tickets and I asked my Father to send me five shillings for our tickets and you see He sent it before you brought them.'" Brother Baker continued his quarterly subscription as long as he lived. God *never* failed him, the five shillings he always asked for was invariably ready when I took their tickets. Take another extract from my journal entered only a few months before his death:—

"During my afternoon visiting I called on Brother Baker and found him in the third heaven of bliss. As soon as I entered his room, he shouted as loud as he was able, 'Glory be to God, you have come to help me to praise Him for His faithfulness and many loving-kindnesses to me, one of the unworthiest of His servants. Last night, when Janet was about to lock the door for the night I saw tears were running down her cheeks. I asked her what was the matter, she replied, "William, there is nothing in the house for the children's breakfast, I have nothing in the house to eat or drink nor a penny to buy anything with." I replied, "Never mind, lass, lock the door and come to bed and I will tell my Father all about it." I did so and this morning before Janet was out of bed there was a rap at the door.' The fastening was one of the old-fashioned handles to grip and a latch to press with the thumb. 'Janet unlocked the door, and as she was in her night-dress stood behind the door and lifted the latch, when someone pushed the door a little open and thrust a basket through, but no one spoke, and closed the door from the outside and was gone before Janet could open it and look out.' There was no *front* window to look through. 'When Janet opened the basket she found two loaves of bread, half-pound of butter, one pound of sugar, quarter-pound of tea and five shillings. Of course we knew who sent that basket of blessing. It was the Divine Father, but who was God's raven that morning we never learned.' Such experiences were not at all uncommon in this

family; someone unknown to Brother Baker was the messenger in their times of need, but God *never once* failed to send His raven."

The end came rather unexpectedly and a neighbour came to fetch me. I hurried to Brother Baker's chamber and found him in a half-sitting posture propped up with pillows, his faithful Janet and two dear little ones standing near the head of his bed weeping, and two godly neighbours in the room. As I entered I went up to his side and said, "Well, Brother Baker, how is it now?" With a cheery smile he replied, "Glory be to God, I am going home. Sing." I replied, "What shall we sing?" "Sing 'The Dying Christian,'" he answered. I started to the old tune:

"What, what is this that steals upon my frame,
Is it death, is it death?
Which soon will quench my mortal flame,
Is it death, is it death?
If this be death I soon shall be,
Far from a world of sorrow free,
I shall the King of Glory see,
All is well, all is well."

When we had with difficulty got through this verse the lump rising in our throats prevented our attempting to sing a second verse. He looked at us triumphantly, and in a firm, strong voice asked, "What, are you all dying?" Then with amazing energy and voice sang:—

"Cease, cease my friends to weep for me,
All is well, all is well,
My sins are pardoned I am free
All is well, all is well.
Bright Angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed within my room,
They wait to bear my spirit home,
All is well, all is well."

Immediately the happy spirit of Brother Baker spread its wings, shook off the dust of mortality, and soared away with the angels to the heavenly home. Only a few weeks ago (June, 1913) I received a long letter from *little* Janet Baker, now a grandmother, telling me of the triumphant death of her mother and also of her own joy in the Christian life and of that of her husband and children.

For several weeks after our arrival in Hobart we had no place to hold any service in, excepting a class-meeting and prayer-meeting in our own house. I preached, however, twice each Sunday in the public park, and spent the week-days in visiting from house to house and the Government barracks for old people.

At my first service in the park, among a group of very rough-looking aged men I noticed one who seemed to pay very respectful and earnest attention to my message. While his companions dropped off one by one this man was constant in his attendance, and his interest in my message seemed to increase. I do not think he ever missed one of my open-air services, and when we opened our first preaching room in Argyle Street he was

there. At the close of the evening service I invited all who wished to serve God and lead a better life to stop for a season of prayer and consecration. This man among others stopped. We began our prayer-meeting at 8 o'clock. Only my now sainted wife and self were able to lead in the meeting. We varied the exercises, singing, praying again and again, and personally appealing to the few present to surrender themselves to God. An hour was spent thus, during which one aged, grey-haired backslider surrendered himself to God. Just at 9 o'clock, as we were singing preparatory to closing the meeting, poor old George Wilson fell heavily on the floor groaning aloud in deep anguish of soul. Of course we continued the prayer-meeting, and for two hours I fought *the great battle* of my ministerial life. I have been in many conflicts with the powers of darkness, but for stress and strain and agony of spirit this exceeded all others. During this terrible conflict frequently I could not speak, my agony of soul was far beyond my power of description. George's lips were sealed, he could not speak but groaned and writhed in terrible distress until just 11 o'clock, when he jumped to his feet, raised his hand (he had only one) over his head, and bringing it down upon his left breast with a thud that echoed through the room he shouted in tones of thunder, "Victory! He saves me! He saves me!! I feel it here!" Yes, *George Wilson was saved.* During that awful struggle with the *prince of this world* the gas lamps in the room were well-nigh extin-

guished; we could scarcely see one another, but the moment victory came the gas seemed to burn with unusual brilliancy. Yes, hell was defeated and her minions left the scene of conflict; Divine glory encompassed us and we were filled with a joy *unutterable*. I am quite aware that many will say the abnormal darkness was occasioned by the absence of oxygen in the room thus preventing the gas burning. I have often witnessed the effect on the gas of a large number being in a badly ventilated room for a considerable time with closed doors, but never in my life have I witnessed anything to compare with that night. It was *spiritual darkness* blacker than night. Only six of us in a large room with the windows open. How was it a glorious light broke upon us when George Wilson rose to his feet? No extra window or door was opened. Who was George Wilson? Of course, I regularly visited him after that night and from his own lips, bit by bit, got his history. The main facts I gathered from him I give without embellishment.

George Wilson was a native of Kent. As a young man during the reign of George the IV. he joined an armed band of smugglers, which frequently encountered his Majesty's armed coastguard. In one of these sanguinary encounters George had his right arm shot off above the elbow, and several persons on each side were shot dead. George was arrested and tried for shooting dead one of his Majesty's coastguard, was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. The

judge that sentenced him, on looking over the evidence found that a small link was missing from the chain against him, and recommended that his sentence be commuted to that of transportation for life. This was done and George was sent to "Van Dieman's Land," now Tasmania. Such was his ferocious, stubborn, lawless character as a prisoner that he defied laws and prison regulations. No human power could tame him. He had so often been flogged with the cat that the number of lashes he had received amounted to six hundred. When working in the chain gangs on the road he had, by the ganger's orders, been flogged with chains, but all to no purpose; he was still the outlaw and desperado. What all the arts and cruelties of men lawfully or unlawfully administered could not do in his case, the story of Calvary and God's love, applied to his heart by the Holy Spirit, accomplished, for George Wilson, possessed and governed by demons, when once the demons were cast out became a most consistent, childlike Christian and sat at the Master's feet, one of the humblest, tenderest saints I ever met. Until his death he was a most devout member of our Church, retiring but consistent, and a liberal contributor to her funds.

The Government, having given him a ticket-of-leave, he was a free man in the colony by reporting himself periodically to the authorities. His wife and two daughters, who had emigrated to the colony, were living with him. Some eighteen months after his conversion we purchased

Knox's Free Presbyterian Church, a good building near the market. As was my custom, occasionally, I advertised that I would deliver a course of six Sunday evening lectures on the Prodigal Son. The first Sunday evening George brought his wife to the penitent form and knelt by her side while she sought Jesus, wept with her as she wept because of her sinful state, and rejoiced with her when she obtained the pardon of all her sins. Next, George brought his two daughters, one by one, to the penitent form where they found Jesus. The husband of one of George's daughters was captain of the steamer, *Star of Tasmania*, and the husband of the other was chief mate of another coasting steamer. The Wilson family all lived together in a large house near the harbour, and, of course, when the steamers were in port the husbands spent their spare time ashore with their families. Each wife had a glorious tale of peace and joy in the new life to tell her husband when he next came home, and such was the effect of their conversion that, by the blessing of God, old George had the unbounded joy of leading his two sons-in-law to the penitent form and praying with them until they, too, were saved. And when he joined with the last member of his family, as he had with each of the others, in singing:—

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear,
With confidence I now draw nigh
And Father, Abba Father cry."

his face needed an angel's brush to paint its rapture. If the salvation of this whole family had been the only fruit of that terrible struggle with the powers of darkness on the first Sunday evening of the opening of our preaching room in Collins Street it would have been indeed glorious, but, thank God, many others followed. The whole family not only became members but active workers in and very liberal supporters of our church. When I left Hobart for Sydney, at the valedictory service amid scenes of great rejoicing, my farewell to the Wilson family was *distressingly* joyful. Dear old George took my two little hands in the iron grip of his one, and while he pressed them as though they had been in a vice he kissed them again and again, and as the hot tears rained upon them he sobbed, "Oh, sir, you don't know what you have done for me." I replied, "What Jesus has done who will *never* leave you." Only George and his Saviour could ever know fully the depth from which and the *height* to which he had been saved. Many times since George's salvation, when speaking of it I have exclaimed with a rapture inexpressible, "If it were possible to concentrate the aggregate guilt of the entire human family into one single person and could you bring that monster of all vileness here, I would point him to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world and bid him believe and live." God only knows how *much* the salvation of old George has assisted me to an unbounded faith in the saving power of Jesus Christ. ABLE TO SAVE UNTO THE

UTTERMOST. A few years after I left Hobart and was labouring in Newcastle the captain brought his ship there for coals and spent one Sunday with me. He told us that old Mrs. Wilson had made a glorious finish and that old George, who was then very feeble, was spending his eventide with him and his wife. He had sent a message to us: "Give my love to him, and tell him I am packed up, with my bundle on my back and my staff in my hand, waiting the Master's call home."

Dear old George, I shall meet him some fine morning in one of the golden streets of the glory land. The captain told me all the family were still pressing forward to the "Homeland."

I could record many other cases of glorious victory, but I have so much ground to cover; one more case, briefly given, must suffice for Tasmania. Shortly after I commenced in Hobart George Hiddlestone, a young man who spent his Sabbaths with his gun in the bush instead of joining his parents in the house of God, attended our open-air services, and after we opened our first preaching-room came to the services there. In a short time he yielded to the Spirit's call and gave himself fully, body, soul and spirit to the Lord. He placed himself on God's altar for sanctification to sacrifice and service. He also joined the Rechabites and became a leader in temperance work, soon reaching a position of great influence. A few years ago a photo of George Hiddlestone with his massive gold chain of office and a very appreciative temperance biography appeared in the *Rechabite*

Journal of England. George did not content himself with total abstinence. He entered our Sunday School in its infant days and became superintendent. He also filled the office of society steward and class leader in the church, and, in fact, was ready for any work the Master called him to. A short time after his conversion a young lady, Miss Watson, a daughter of two of our members, got converted, and very soon afterwards it was my pleasure to unite these two young people in the holy bonds of matrimony. They commenced a grocery and provision business and took their Christianity into their business, and God greatly prospered them. George was a man of his word, lived up to his profession, and was esteemed and trusted by his fellow-citizens. He was elected successively Councillor, Alderman, Trustee of the Public Library, Mayor of the city, a member of the Legislative Assembly, and Justice of the Peace for the whole colony, an honour rarely conferred. God says, "Them that honour Me I will honour." The Revs. S. Antliff, D.D., George Warner and W. R. Widdowson during their visits to Australia, all visited and spent some time with my dear old friend and brother. It was an hospitable home. Christian workers of all types were ever welcome there. He died as he had lived, at peace with God and man. I wrote to Mr. Hiddlestone, asking him to write me some particulars respecting our mission in Hobart and Tasmania, but my letter found him ill in bed. Unable to write himself, he sent to Rev. W. H. Walton, one of the four ministers who

sailed with me to Australia in 1860. Mr. Walton was a pre-eminently godly man, not great intellectually, but a fine saint and a devoted worker. When Mr. Hiddlestone's request reached him he, too, was very ill, and three days after he was not, for God took him. These workers in our Church have nobly served their day and generation and helped to lay the foundation of Australia's religious life. They have helped to make the colony what it is to-day.

It was in our Collins Street Church at Hobart the celebrated Dr. Paton was first welcomed on his arrival in the southern world as a missionary to the New Hebrides. These pioneers builded better than they knew and laid a far broader foundation than ever they dreamed of.

"There was a little church three miles out on the river to suit the convenience of some selectors, and we used to drive or ride out to the short service. It was odd how the wild turkeys used to allow us to drive up to within a few yards of them on Sundays. On other days you could scarcely crawl nearer than a hundred yards before they spread their broad wings and flapped away over the trees, and there were mobs of kangaroos still like grey ghosts amongst the grey trees.

"The township parson came out once a month, and the boss read a sermon on the other Sundays. But one always felt that a man ought to be able to say something interesting and profitable to men and women gathered together in the little hut in the middle of the primeval forest in the new land."
W. H. Lang.

CHAPTER VII.

Typical Missionary Work.

Newcastle.

At my first quarterly meeting at Newcastle a resolution was introduced and pressed to remove Lambton from the plan, owing to non-success and little prospect of raising a cause in that place. I fought strenuously against this and after a time succeeded in getting a resolution passed to try it another quarter. I planned a week's protracted services to be conducted by the minister of the station.

The week's services were held, a second, third, fourth. God wonderfully worked. We had over thirty men and women saved in that little bush township, practically all the residents. A Sunday School was opened and the work of God spread through the district.

Our neat, comfortable, weather-board little church, seating about eighty persons, was quite out-of-date. It was crowded at week-night services and on the Sunday the people could not get in; we

had to go into the open-air for service. A substantial, commodious stone church with belfry and good bell was built, and then the little weather-board church was not needed. What shall be done with it? was the question. I had just secured a grant of land from the Government (the first grant made to the Primitive Methodists in N.S.W.) at Lower Hexham on the Hunter River, about ten miles distant as the crow flies through a dense bush. Lambton's weather-board church would be just the thing for Lower Hexham if we could only get it there!

I interviewed a man in the district who owned twenty horses, which he used for hauling timber. I told him I wanted the place moved just as it stood. Could it be done? He thought it possible. I said we will try. We got good, long, strong logs, one on each side, reaching from end to end of the building. These by leverage we managed to get under the church. When evenly balanced on these logs powerful chains were bound round the church, fastened around the four ends of these projecting logs.

Men with axes and billhooks were sent ahead to cut a road for the "ark of God." Then came the bushman, not with lowing kine, but his twenty powerful horses, and away went the house of God, and after many delays for the removal of obstructions it arrived, without the least injury, at its new home and was put down there to stand as a "witness for God" and a "sanctuary" for the weary soul of man.

Lower Hexham was added to the places on the next plan. Lower Hexham was the name given to a place situated on the Hunter River a few miles below the mouth. A jetty had been built at which vessels up to 400 and 500 tons could be moored to receive their load of coal from the Minmi Pit, which employed perhaps one hundred or a few more miners. This pit was in the bush about two miles from the jetty; a line of rails had been laid and an engine took the coal to the jetty where it was shunted into the waiting truck. Near the jetty stood a large public-house which also served as a store. There was only one little farmhouse near. This farm was owned and occupied by Isaac and Rebecca Newton. Isaac traced his family lineage to the celebrated Sir Isaac Newton, and was named after him.

Isaac was a man of small physical stature. Rebecca was of Welsh origin, an amazon of Wales. Isaac and Rebecca had both "left their country for their country's good." Both were transports, and in the days of stockades and chain-gangs various devices were adopted on the score of economy. When a man had by a long term of good conduct won for himself a "ticket-of-leave" he was allowed liberty within the colony subject to reporting himself at the police station in the district on a given day every month. But how was a lone man to set up a home for himself that could promise any comfort in the wild bush, and what chance would a ticket-of-leave man have to find for himself a wife in a colony where there were five

free males to every two females? This difficulty was recognised by the prison authorities, and some provision was made to meet it.

When a man obtained his ticket-of-leave he had the chance of securing a wife also if he wished to do so. When the chaplain informed him that on the morrow he would be entitled to his ticket-of-leave he could say, "Please, sir, I should like a wife." The chaplain would simply reply, "All right." Accordingly on the morrow, when he was about to leave the stockade, the chaplain would accompany him to the female stockade, where a dozen or more of the female prisoners who had secured a good character were drawn up in a line, and in the company of the chaplain he was allowed to inspect the candidates for matrimony, and if one of Cupid's darts entered his heart he would at once walk up to the favoured one and "pop the question." If accepted the chaplain would marry them there and then, and they would leave arm in arm to start their married life. If, however, there was not one to meet the exacting demand of the would-be benedict, the refused ladies were taken back and another line of candidates for matrimony drawn up for his inspection.

Very rarely did the lady selected exercise her recognised right to say "No," for in her case acceptance meant a husband plus her liberty.

Isaac being a little man, and the task of clearing the bush before sowing or planting could be commenced being very formidable, very shrewdly chose a wife about twice his own size. For some

time they were industrious and happy. They cleared and brought under cultivation a very good-sized farm of excellent land, put up a very comfortable house and ample buildings for their stock. They both worked with a will and prosperity crowned their united toil. But after a time the Minmi Mine was opened with the inevitable public-house near by. This house was put up within a few hundred yards of their home. Alas, the speedy change! No church, no neighbours other than the keeper of this public-house, and he a very chatty, friendly man. Isaac and Rebecca soon accepted his invitation to call in on Sunday evenings and have a chat. The calls were continued and of course the glass was introduced. The calls became more frequent and fondness for intoxicating liquors grew, until it became the master of them both so absolutely that they have been known to spend six weeks at a time at the "Red House" drinking. Horses, cows, poultry, etc., were left to roam about the farm at will, no one to look after them. In fact, they have told me that during some of these extended drinks the grass had actually covered the path up to the front door.

New South Wales was a long way ahead of us in England in its licensing laws. No publican could sue for drink as a debt, so that although they were an honest couple and owned a small, well-stocked farm, the landlord shrewdly judged it was not safe to allow them unlimited credit for alcoholic drinks, so a limit was imposed by him upon their credit.

On one occasion after a long bout of drinking, Isaac in a fit of delirium tremens rushed down from the "Red House" to the wharf and jumped into the river to drown himself. Rebecca was pacing the front verandah of the public-house sucking her long "alderman" clay pipe, apparently an uninterested witness of the scene. Some sailors who were working at the wharf rescued him and steadied him for awhile until he could stagger towards the "Red House," Rebecca all the while apparently unconcerned smoking her pipe. After some time and with great difficulty Isaac managed to reach the top of the steps of the verandah, when Rebecca rushed up to him and landing him a terrific blow in the face with her right fist laid him flat on his back at the bottom of the verandah steps, saying or rather *hissing*, "I will teach you to drown yourself." That lesson was quite effectual, Isaac never attempted to drown himself again. They did not, however, give up the drink, and a little while after this occurrence, at the close of a few days' drinking, the landlord thought the time was come to carry out an erstwhile prepared plan to secure the freehold of their farm. Accordingly, after carefully preparing them as he thought to act their part perfectly, one morning he cheerily said to them, "I am going for a drive this morning to Maitland, would you like a run with me?" Yes, they would, and so all three were soon mounted in a high dog-cart and the landlord, with buoyant hopes, was driving to Maitland.

Arriving there he, as if by chance, drove up

to the offices of one of the leading solicitors, who was quite ready for the business, for the landlord had been there before to give his instructions. Jumping down, the landlord gaily said, "Come in with me, I want to introduce you to a friend of mine." Having entered the waiting-room the publican went into the private room of the solicitor and finding everything ready he returned and fetched Isaac, who, at the request of the solicitor, signed his name without demur to a document which was presented to him and of the contents or purport of which he had not the slightest idea. Isaac returned to the waiting room and Rebecca was taken in and instructed to sign her name under the name of her husband.

"What is it?" queried Rebecca. "Oh, it is only a paper between me and the solicitor," said the landlord and we want your signatures as witnesses." "What is it?" demanded Rebecca. "Oh, said the solicitor, you may know it is right for your husband has signed it." "Oh, him! he is a fool, he'll sign anything." "Well, of course, you will oblige us by signing it." "What is it? Read it," demanded Rebecca. There she stuck and could not be moved, and after more parleying the lawyer read it and then said, "Of course you will sign it, Mrs. Newton." "*That I never will,*" shouted Rebecca. The document was the conveyance of the fee simple of their farm to the landlord of the "Red House." Needless to say, Isaac and Rebecca Newton had to find some other means of getting back to their home after this lively and very

decisive interview than riding in the up-to-date dog-cart with the landlord of the "Red House" as driver.

By the law of New South Wales at that time no ticket-of-leave man who was married could sell or mortgage any real property or estate without the consent in writing of his wife, who was in the eye of the law joint owner with her husband. This was one of the special laws enacted to meet the exigencies of the time. It proved a very great blessing to scores of families of ticket-of-leave colonists, as it did to Isaac and Rebecca Newton.

The setting up of the neat weather-board church, with its comfortable seats, pulpit and bookcase for the Sunday School close to the farm where the Newtons lived was soon to bear glorious fruit. At its opening for divine service, shortly after the circumstances just related, Rebecca gave me one afternoon a very graphic account of this episode in the presence of her husband as I sat at tea with them. The house of prayer redeemed them from the public-house.

I had the very great pleasure of preaching the opening sermons of this rough but sacred building. Most of the people within some miles of the place were present. Two boat loads came from Ash Island across the water, and among those present were Isaac and Rebecca Newton. The Holy Spirit was very gloriously manifested in the service. Every person present seemed conscious of an unseen, but to most an unknown, power mightily working. A live coal from the divine altar touched

my lips, and I was enabled to speak the word with power. Glorious confusion reigned, not one soul was unmoved. Men and women who had not prayed for years, and some who had never prayed before, cried aloud to God for mercy, and amongst the most earnest and resolute were Isaac and Rebecca, or, to put the matter more correctly, Rebecca and Isaac. She had been the leader and controlling spirit in the old life, and it was quite evident she was not going to abandon her premiership. She was the first to get into possession of the light, liberty and joy of the saints' *earthly* riches. Oh! how she shouted and sang. But her first thought after her ebullition of bliss was about her husband. She determined he should be saved, too, and didn't she pray and labour for his salvation! And, thank God, before the meeting closed that night both were rejoicing in the consciousness of the forgiveness of sin. I went home with them and helped them to nail their colours to the mast by erecting an altar in the house.

Praise, thanksgiving and prayer were henceforth to be frequent and joyous exercises in their home. Theirs became indeed *a new life*. Rebecca became our precentor at the little church, and "didn't she sing!" Isaac became the Church Trust Steward, and during the remainder of my stay on that station they adorned the doctrines of Christ in their whole life and conversation.

The establishment of family prayer in this home was the source of much blessing to these earnest souls. Many have lost their religion and been lost

to the Church by neglecting to have the family altar in the home. The Lord blessed the house of Obed-edom because the ark was there. Let the ark of the Lord abide in the homes of Israel.

" I'd like now, yet had haply been afraid
To have just looked, when this man came to die,
And seen who lined the clean, gay garret sides,
And stood about the neat, low truckle-bed
With the heavenly manner of relieving guards.
Here had been, mark, the general-in-chief
Thro' a whole campaign of the world's life and death,
Doing the King's work all the dim day long,
In his old coat and up to knees in mud,
Smoked like a herring, dining on a crust,—
And, now the day was won."

CHAPTER VIII.

A Lively Primitive.

A Mission on the Macleay River, New South Wales.

The Macleay River is situated about 250 miles to the north of Newcastle. The river is one of the most important between the Hunter and the Brisbane. One of our devoted local preachers from Norfolk, George Tredgett, had settled there with his wife and daughter. George's piety outlived his voyage to Australia. God blessed him in his basket and store. He became a prosperous farmer and still retained his preference for his own people, the people of his early choice.

Hearing that we were doing a good deal of mission work in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, George wrote to me begging that I would visit them and make Kempsey a part of my station. It was only 250 miles away. I had missioned the Peel River, Nundle and the Hanging Rock in the Tamworth district, about 150 miles from Newcastle, and made them a part of my station.

Ever anxious to meet the Macedonian demand, I brought the matter before my quarterly meeting, which was fully and promptly sympathetic. The brethren granted me a month's leave to visit the Macleay River. As soon as possible I arranged to go. I took a small coast steamer and paid for a return ticket, but was so sick during the passage to Port Macquarie that as soon as the vessel was fastened to the pier I went ashore, determined not to go on board again unless absolutely compelled.

I was then about fifty miles from Kempsey; what was I to do? Borrow a horse, saddle and bridle and make a swag of my package. Yes, I could do that, but I was a stranger there; I knew no one and so far as I knew no one knew me. However, *my name and fame such as it was* had preceded me, and a veteran gentleman in the town kindly offered me the loan of a very good horse, saddle and bridle for as long as I needed it. So I bade adieu to the captain of the steamer, stopped the night with my newly-made friends, and after breakfast started on the fifty miles' ride through the bush.

I reached the neighbourhood of George Tredgett's farm before dark. He had heard by means of the old *wireless bush* telegraphy that I was getting near, and was on the look-out for me, and never while memory holds her seat shall I forget the reception I had from this good man.

Before I saw him I heard such a shout of "Alleluia" as I had never heard before. I was then in thick bush, and the wild scampering past me of wallaby, pademelon and kangaroo alarmed

by George's shout quite startled the horse I was riding. But I pushed on in the direction of the shout and soon saw George, like David, dancing for joy on the top of one of the broad, flat posts of the gate that led to his comfortable home. When he saw me he threw his wide-awake into the air, and again and again shouted "Alleluia" with all the lung force he possessed. I very soon found myself sitting in the midst of a happy family circle, George Tredgett, his wife, and their married daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffry.

The old Church in the old country was the theme of our conversation that night, as it always was when old Primitive Methodists met in the new land. I found George vigorous and healthy, physically, mentally and spiritually, revelling in work of the Lord. Dear Mrs. Tredgett was equal to her husband in quiet, deep, real living interest in all that made for the "glory of God" and the uplift of the people, if not in outward demonstration. If the Lord had given her a choice in the matter she would have chosen a life of intense, active labour in the Church and world beside her husband, but God had been pleased to call her to suffer His will in the furnace, rather than do it in the activities of church life. But her patient endurance as seeing things invisible was an object lesson to many and a means of much strength to the faith of others. Mrs. Jeffry (their only child) and her husband were a devoted, happy and choice couple, who rendered true service to the infant church.

I had not been long there before the question of

an old-fashioned camp meeting extending over three or four days was discussed and decided upon. A great company was expected as they would come from all parts for twenty miles round. Our hosts determined that there should be no lack of hospitality for all who came. Personally, I was more of a "Mary" than a "Martha," and took more interest in the spiritual than the temporal affairs of that first camp meeting. The cries of penitent sinners and the shouts of the converts over their new-found joy live with me still, more than "joints of beef and pork and the number of cooked fowls that were prepared." But if my memory does not play pranks with me our friends killed, not the fatted calf, but a bullock, a pig and I cannot say how many fowls. They baked a bushel of flour into bread, and boiled pot after pot of potatoes. Many came, but there was enough for all until the end of the feast.

The closing love-feast was a glorious time. The building was crowded, and quite a host of young converts of both sexes were present. The older Christians spoke first, the young converts had never been in such a meeting before, but they quickly caught the spirit and object of the meeting and as soon as one sat down two or three were on their feet, and some even would remain standing waiting their opportunity to tell of their *new* life experience which was to them the greatest joy they could have. I will only record the testimony of one. It was told with such dramatic force that it has ever remained with me. Brother Cox was a

coloured man, an expert horse rider; he had been backed by his employer to ride any horse, no matter how wild and vicious it might be. He could not be thrown. Buffalo Bill's riders gave very good illustrations in this country of experiences so common to Australian riders. But Cox was quite equal to them. He got very blessedly saved and filled with the Holy Ghost.

This full salvation was begun on the Sunday, the first day of the camp; the process continued each day until the last, and at the closing love-feast he was gloriously filled with the Holy Ghost. He was one of the earliest of the young converts to testify. As I write I see him, every inch of his physical frame vibrating with emotion, his eyes uplifted, his arms outstretched, his body swaying to and fro. In utterance not too loud but affected by his great happiness, he said, "When God saved me I felt—I felt as if I should like to go back jumping straight away to glory." Brother Cox is still often on the top of Jacob's ladder looking into heaven. He is an acceptable local preacher.

The friends arranged for a tea and public meeting. There was a great gathering of people at tea and a glorious meeting afterwards. Dear old George was chairman, and during the delivery of a very inspiring speech he said, addressing the young converts, "I will tell you a story. In Norfolk, where I came from, one winter afternoon an old farmer and his wife were sitting by the fire; she was knitting, he was listening and thinking. He had three men thrashing wheat in the barn with

flails. After some time he said to his wife, 'Do you hear what those flails say?' 'No,' she answered. 'Listen,' he said. 'They say: By-the-day! By-the-day! I will go and alter that.' He went into the barn to the men. 'Now, my men,' he said, 'I will let you this thrashing by the comb; I want it thrashed clean and the straw nicely stacked. What will you do it for?' 'How much will you gi'e we, maister?' 'I will give 1s. 2d. per comb.' 'Us think that is hardly enough. Yo' must please gi'e us a 1d. more.' 'Well I will give you 1s. 3d. per comb for clean, good work.' The matter settled, he went back to the fire and listened to the flails. After a time he said to his wife, 'Do you hear what the flails say now?' 'No,' she replied. 'They say, "We've took it! We've took it!'" "Now," said George, "that is what I want you all to do with your religion, 'Take it! Take it!' no religion by the day."

While I was on the river I spent every day riding about and visiting the people. I passed no house without a visit, a chat, and prayer, and no passer-by in the bush without some conversation. People who have taken up land in the outskirts of civilisation so seldom have the opportunity of a chat with a person who is at all up to date in the world's news, that two riders meeting in the bush, as a matter of course bring their horses to a halt, with the nose close to the near (that is the left shoulder) of the other horse, which would bring the riders face to face. Each rider keeping his left foot in the stirrup iron, takes

out the right one, and throwing his leg over the pumel of his saddle and leaning a little forward rests his right elbow on his thigh, then *cheek by jowl* they are ready for a rest and a long chat.

Riding out alone one morning in the direction of Donding-along, I met a young, respectable and intelligent-looking farmer on a good horse. We reined up in the usual form for a chat. For some time I tried every art I could think of to get him into intelligent conversation, but failed. His answers were monosyllabic, and often quite irrelevant. He asked no questions, but his look and general mien proved that although he sat there, his real self, the man, was somewhere else and his thoughts absorbed on subjects vastly more interesting to him than those I introduced. At last as a sort of despairing attempt to bring him to the point, I looked at him very earnestly and in very clear staccato tones said to him, "Whatever is the matter with you? Do you want to get married?" He was there at once, and looking at me for the first time intelligently said, "That is just what I *do* want." I replied, "Well, tell me all about it. I am a clergyman* and I will try and help you out of your difficulty." His change at once was marvellous; he became intelligently alert.

Pointing to a small farmstead in the direction he had come, he said, "Do you see that house there, sir? My young lady lives there, it is her

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* All ministers of religion are called clergymen in Australia.

home. Six months ago I came over from the Nambuccra River; I have a farm there, sir. The Wesleyan clergyman was to have married us, but he was over a hundred miles away; there was a flood and the rivers were up and he could not get home, so I had to return to my farm. Three months ago I came again. We were to be married by the Registrar, but he was away and as it was harvest time I had to go back and get in my harvest, and yesterday I came again and when I asked her this morning to ride with me into Kempsey to find a clergyman to marry us, she said, 'No! You have made a fool of me twice and now you must bring the clergyman to me.'"

I replied, "All right, when shall it take place?" "Oh," he replied, "as soon *as ever* you can." I said, "Will 9 o'clock to-morrow morning do?" "Oh, yes," he replied. So at 9 o'clock the following morning I was there with my book and my papers and made *two* very miserable individuals very happy. I was convinced after the ceremony was over that the lady was quite as pleased as the gentleman; her reply to his request was a mere feint, she thought he was not quite as earnest in the matter as he might have been, and she resolved to put him to the test. The ruse succeeded.

This case not only shows the very rough and tumble life of pioneering in a new country, but it shows that in the bush of Australia at least the young people are very anxious to maintain the holy sacredness of the marriage vow and of the family circle.

A TYPICAL LOAD OF CORN.

The time came for my return home, for a month, robbed of one week by bush travelling out and home, soon passes when spent in such glorious work as this. At the farewell meeting George had a surprise suggestion to make. He proposed that a resolution should be sent to the General Missionary Committee, asking them to make the Macleay River a circuit, with Rev. E. Cook Pritchard as superintendent, and pledging itself to support him without any grant from home. This was seconded and carried with great enthusiasm unanimously. I sent it to Dr. Samuel Antliff, who was then General Missionary Secretary, for I was convinced that the people would redeem their pledge. However, at that time we had a very glorious revival of religion in progress, not only in Newcastle but in the whole district, which, be it remembered, was *the* great coal basin of Australia. On the Newcastle station we included Wickham, Tighes Hill, Borehole, Waratah, Lambton, New Lambton, Adamstown, Burwood, Minmi, Lake Maquarie and other places. The whole district was at that time in a state of great spiritual upheaval. In that revival hundreds were saved and the Missionary Committee thought it unwise to make a change. But the request of that meeting was granted and another minister was sent. The station continues to prosper, and many who were converted at that time are still loyal and leading members and officials of the Church.

Speaking of this time in a series of historic articles published in *The New South Wales Primi-*

tive Methodist Magazine, the late Rev. George James writes:—

"In this sketch I propose to visit the North, and take a glance at the progress of Primitive Methodism in Newcastle and the adjacent towns; this part of the State has been looked upon as being the stronghold of the denomination, and no doubt in past years the cause in that region made great progress, prospering more than in some other places where stations were established. There have been reverses, but these have been exceptional, and the Church has continued to move forward.

"When I first became acquainted with Newcastle in 1861 the churches of all the denominations were small; we had a little brick church in the city, which has twice been enlarged, and a small, weather-board church at Burwood (Mereweather); Wallsend and the Lambtons were scarcely known; but as the coal trade increased hundreds of miners settled in the district, and those now large and flourishing towns came into existence. In 1858 the health of the Rev. Henry Green, who had been for many years a missionary in New Zealand, failed, and he resolved to return to England. The voyage across to Sydney and a few weeks rest had a beneficial effect, and he so recovered that he acceded to an earnest request of the Newcastle officials to take charge of that station, and for several months he and Mrs. Green laboured among the people with great acceptance.

"The Rev. W. J. Dean arrived from England in 1860 and laboured in the Newcastle station nearly

four years. Mr. Dean was above the average as a preacher and commanded the respect of all the churches. When he removed to New Zealand the Rev. James Reed was appointed to succeed him, but, for some reason of which I have no knowledge, Mr. Reed resigned and joined the Wesleyan Connexion. Newcastle was therefore again vacant; ultimately arrangements were made for the Rev. E. C. Pritchard to leave Sydney and become the superintendent of the Newcastle station. This proved to be a wise arrangement. The station became very prosperous under Mr. Pritchard's ministry.

"Mr. Pritchard was at that time in the hey-day of his ministry, and being possessed of exceptional gifts and an ardent zeal his labours were crowned with success. The station was extended, the congregations increased, many souls were converted, and several good churches were built, among others those at Wallsend, Lambton, Waratah, Adamstown and Tighes Hill. Several ministers followed Mr. Pritchard, each of whom it is hoped did good. I was stationed at Newcastle by the District meeting of 1878, and I look back upon the years I laboured in that circuit as being the brightest period of my ministry in New South Wales; at almost every place in the circuit souls were converted. But the greatest manifestations of the power and grace of God took place at Adamstown, where over one hundred persons, some of whom had been ringleaders in all kinds of wickedness, were saved. Revival meetings were carried on for seventeen

weeks, meetings were held week-days as well as Sundays. The people had a mind to work."

In April, 1912, Mrs. Pritchard and I went to Felixstowe for a change of air. We were providentially guided to the home of two kind Christian ladies, Wesleyans, the Misses Kelly. After a pleasant tea, looking at some photos hanging on the wall I was amazed to notice that one of them was the portrait of one of my Australian children in the Lord. When our hostess came in I said, "Miss Kelly, you have the portrait of the Rev. John Penman." Looking at me as much surprised as I was she asked, "Do you know Rev. John Penman?" "Of course I do." This led to many very pleasant chats about New South Wales, the country, and many of the people there. Above all about the good work which has been done by the English missionaries in that rapidly growing Commonwealth. One collier converted soon after I missioned Adamstown in 1865 became a local preacher, retained his piety, and is now (1913) a Minister of the Crown, the Hon. F. Edden. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

"'No God! No God!' The simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound.

"'No God!' astonished Echo cries
From out her cavern hoar;
And every wand'ring bird that flies
Reproves the atheist lore.

"The solemn forest lifts his head
The Almighty to proclaim;
The brooklet, on its crystal urn,
Doth leap to grave His name.

"High swells the deep and vengeful sea
Along its billowy track,
And red Vesuvius opes his mouth
To hurl the falsehood back."

CHAPTER IX.

A Camp Meeting and its Results.

Christianity versus Atheism.

During my ministry in Newcastle, N.S.W., in the late 'sixties, the two atheistical parties in the city were very active. The "upper ten" were led by the mayor and the "lower ten" by the Government chief engineer at the Northern Railway works. They were in the habit of meeting in their club-rooms during church hours on Sundays, and often during the week in the evenings.

For a considerable time they were very actively engaged in circulating their literature. Growing bold, they challenged the ministers of the city, by newspaper advertisement, to discuss with them the basis and thesis of Christianity. Of course, no minister would think of accepting such a challenge. The atheistical parties pretended to believe that all the ministers of the city were afraid to meet them in discussion, and they became very bold and insulting, declaring that the ministers were hypocrites and did not believe what they taught; and that with them Christianity was simply a money-making scheme.

From the introduction of Primitive Methodism into Newcastle we had been accustomed to hold an

annual camp-meeting on the cliffs overlooking the Pacific Ocean, on a spot some two hundred feet above the sea level, commanding a magnificent view of the ocean, harbour and city. In all my travels I have never seen a finer panorama of majesty and beauty. The great ocean, bearing on its bosom ships of all the civilised nations of the world, as well as the old-world craft of natives of the islands of the seas. Stretching away from our very feet was the promontory, at the farthest point of which stands the "Nobby's" lighthouse, the finest on the coast. In front of us was the harbour, with its *two miles* of jetties, and monster travelling cranes, which lifted the ten-ton truck loads of coal from their carriages on the railway, swung them round, and deposited their contents in the holds of the ships moored at the wharves with the ease of a master giant engine. On the left, at the bottom, lay the city with its busy streets, shops and warehouses, and, rising from the well-laid-out business parts, stood the churches, halls and private residences of the citizens, with their picturesque verandahs and balconies, their small, but well-kept, gardens full of beautiful flowers and fruit. Grape-vines, peaches, apricots, bananas, passion fruit, etc., growing luxuriantly, gave a great charm to the scene. Surely this was the place to awaken the soul of man, and arouse within him reverence and gratitude to his glorious Father, God!

The usual time for holding our annual camp-meeting came just as the atheistical parties were dancing their war dance of victory. We issued

advertisements of the meeting. Soon the daily newspaper and the hoarding placards announcements declared that "As the ministers of the city had refused to accept the challenge to discussion, they" (the atheistical parties) "were coming to the camp-meeting to oppose us."

At that time I had one of the noblest staffs of lay-helpers any church ever had, and I was proud of them. Among them was Richard Hall, J.P., Micah Proctor (a nephew of the sainted Rev. John Petty), John Dixon (Government inspector of coal mines), Samuel Spear, George Read, Alderman McMichael, William Linsley, and a host of able and godly men, mostly from the north of England. I called them together for a council of war. No one suggested showing the white feather, but all were eager for the fray. I had confidence in them, they had confidence in me as their leader, and we all had confidence in our Great Captain. We sought counsel and help from God in public and private prayer. Great interest was aroused in the whole district. The day came, a typical Australian Sunday, scarcely a cloud in the heavens, but a nice breeze which tempered the heat and made it pleasant to be out. Our people came up nobly from the whole district round. We met at our city church and started our procession, singing:

"Hark! the gospel news is sounding,
Christ hath suffered on the tree:
Streams of mercy are abounding,
Grace for all is rich and free;
Now poor sinner, look to Him who died for thee."

The singng of the Gospel hymn by men and women whose hearts were aflame with love to God and their fellow-men was exceptionally good and stirring. We sang through the principal streets of the city right up to the chosen spot. Thousands followed us, for the dual announcements had brought together crowds of all classes of the community.

God answered our prayer; although the city was stirred, I never saw a better-behaved crowd. During the whole afternoon the conduct of the people was orderly and reverent. Arriving at the spot chosen, I called "Halt!" and stood still, with my laymen and choir close up. The atheistical parties followed us, and while we were yet singing, the mayor, with his party, walked up to within twelve feet of where I stood, on my right. They sat down on the grass and took their notebooks and pencils out of their pockets ready for action. The other party, led by the chief engineer, came up at the same time, and sat down on my left, about the same distance away, with their open notebooks and pencils in hand.

When the singing finished, three of my brethren led in prayer, after which I read a portion of Scripture, and another hymn was sung. I then stepped out a little, with Bible in hand, and announced my text: Psalm xiv., first part of verse 1. I was about to read the words in the usual way, when the afflatus came upon me; I was completely overpowered and compelled to take a course I had previously not the remotest idea of pursuing. Instead of reading the text in the usual way, I shouted

aloud, "*There is no God! Who says so? The fool! He must be a fool!*" I paused a few seconds, and then repeated the words in precisely the same manner. Again I paused a few seconds, and again repeated the words as before. The effect was electrical. Every person appeared dumbfounded. "What does he mean by shouting, 'There is no God'?" seemed to be the question expressing itself on every countenance. After another and longer pause, I quietly took my watch out of my vest pocket, and holding it up before the people, said: "I was reading in an American newspaper yesterday of a farmer who got up earlier than usual one morning, and going into one of his fields, took his watch out of his pocket, and looking away to the eastern horizon shouted, 'Hello! The sun's late this morning!'" Laughter at once broke over the entire assembly, which was renewed again and again. I stood silently and quietly looking at the people until I could make them hear, when I asked, "What are you laughing at? Don't you think the sun was just as likely to be late as that farmer's watch fast?" Again loud peals of laughter broke forth. When all were quietly waiting, I silently pointed to the sun, who, in his meridian glory, was then looking down upon us from a cloudless sky; and when all eyes were turned upwards, excepting those sitting near my feet, whose eyes *could not stand the light,* I shouted, "No! Old Sol was never known to tarry on his journey a second, but once, since his Creator hung him in the heavens. 'The greater light to rule the

day—to give light upon the earth. And God saw that it was good.' It is said there must be an exception to every rule; and the exception to this rule you will find recorded in the book of Joshua, chapter x., verses 12-14, but it is recorded: 'And there was no day like that, before it or after it, that the Lord harkened to the voice of a man.'" I then pointed to the lighthouse at the entrance to the harbour, and asked, "Can any of you tell me what time it will be high tide at Nobby's this evening?" Answering myself, I continued, "The almanac says it will be high tide at 5 h. 25 m. 30 s. What nonsense! How are we to know, if there is no law governing and regulating the operations of nature? If there is no Lawgiver governing this world, which the Bible says God created 'in the beginning' and placed it under wise and beneficent laws, and everything is left to *chance,* what folly it is to take notice of such guessing! Yes, my brothers and sisters, this grand old ocean has twice every twenty-four hours since the 'morning stars sang together' at creation's birth, rolled up in majesty against these adamantine cliffs, and often, when lashed into fury by the violence of a South-West gale, has mounted them and covered the ground we are standing on with the spray of its waves. Such is the faithfulness of nature to the laws of nature's God that our astronomers, going back nearly two thousand years, assure us that the darkness that covered Palestine when Jesus hung upon the cross was preternatural, and was not occasioned by an eclipse of the sun in

nature's regular course. The same laws enable them to look into the dim future and tell us, should this old world live as long, and Nobby's escape volcanic action and other destructive agencies, at what time it will be high tide here on the 25th February, 5977. The God who set His bow in the clouds (see Genesis ix., verses 8 to 17) cannot change nor can His promise fail. The people of the old world strove to turn God away from His purpose by gross rebellion, but He swept them away with a flood, His special care of His faithful Noah redeemed His pledge, and the first sacrifice of Noah after God opened the door of the ark sent up a savour sweet in the nostrils of the Father of the human family, presenting Him with an opportunity of establishing His covenant with Noah and his sons, and their seed to the end of time; giving them a command concerning every living thing on the earth, and also a solemn pledge that 'While the earth remaineth seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease,' and there is not an atheist in this or any other land; all believe the declaration of God, and every year give practical expression to their faith. Man ploughs his land, prepares his soil, puts in his seed nearly a year before he expects to reap his harvest. Suppose every farmer in every land lost his faith in God for two seasons, and neglected to sow his wheat, what would happen? There would be a universal famine. No, my friends, every *farmer* is at least a practical believer. So are we all. We plant our gardens, and in a hundred ways are co-

workers with God. Even the 'poor Indian, whose untutored mind sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind,' is a believer in God.

"I ask this vast, intelligent audience if there is a man among you who will come forward and deliberately say, 'There is no God!' Surely there must be a mistake in the translation. Let us see what the word is in the original, looking at the Hebrew Bible. Oh, I see, 'Nabhal'! That does not mean a man void of reason, but a man who in his heart wishes there was no God, so that he could throw the reins of government on the neck of passion, and rush wildly on to excess in every kind of immorality and evil. Not a man without reason, but a man without moral character."

Just then the mayor of the city rose with his party, and put their notebooks and pencils in their pockets; the chief engineer and his party, as if by pre-arrangement, did precisely the same, and all started to walk quietly away, not one of them speaking a word. I immediately called out to them, "Stop, gentlemen, stop a minute or two." Not one of them halted or spoke a word, but quietly walked on. I continued: "You, gentlemen, have challenged the ministers of this city to a public discussion on the basis and thesis of Christianity. Now I am your man. I accept your challenge. I make but one stipulation. The man you bring to discuss with me shall be your acknowledged champion, the best man you can produce. I will meet no other, so that after the discussion you shall not say it was *only* Dick, Tom or Harry. Fix your

time and select your place of meeting, produce your man and, God willing, I will be there to meet him." Not one of them halted or spoke a word, but quietly and respectfully left the ground, and we proceeded with our camp meeting, and had a glorious time. At the love-feast in the evening several souls were won for Jesus.

We had no more trouble with that party during the remainder of my ministry in Newcastle. There were no more challenges to discussion, no more circulations of atheistical literature, and I have not heard of any renewal of such propaganda since I left.

"My times are in Thy hand;
I know not what a day,
Or e'en an hour, may bring to me,
But I am safe while trusting Thee,
Though all things fade away.
All weakness I
On Him rely,
Who fix'd the earth and spread the starry sky.

"My times are in Thy hand;
Pale poverty, or wealth,
Corroding care, or calm repose,
Spring's balmy breath or winter's snows,
Sickness or buoyant health—
Whate'er betide,
If God provide,
'Tis for the best, I wish no lot beside.

"My times are in Thy hand;
Many or few my days,
I leave with Thee—this only pray,
That by Thy grace, I, every day
Devoting to Thy praise,
May ready be
To welcome Thee
Whene'er Thou comest to set my spirit free!"

CHAPTER X.

Providences and Incidents.

In 1865 I was appointed to the Sydney station, Kent Street Church being my special charge. This church had not been built very long and the street, which was laid out for sale in building allotments, was not nearly all built upon. The site opposite our church contained several vacant spaces. An enterprising Irish couple had, by hook or by crook, got possession of two of them as an advertising space. In the middle of this space stood a rough, strong pole, on which was nailed an old board, with this announcement painted in large, ill-formed letters: "Young men taken in washed, mangled, and done for." I shall never forget that old board; to me it stood for so much. I used to see it so often as I went to the church. I was then living with my wife and my two dear little boys in a very small weather-board cottage, for which I had to pay 14s. rent per week, to be paid every Wednesday. The gold-digging fever was then at its height, and it was very difficult to get a house of any description at a reasonable rent, and the universal rule was a *weekly*

hiring. If the rent was not promptly paid, "out you go," and whatever you had in the house was sold to pay for the week's rent. Those were days of rough and ready methods. At that time I had no cash at all. I had had a very trying and expensive time during the previous two years. I had removed from Tasmania, my wife had suffered prolonged affliction and had passed away, leaving two motherless boys in my care, and just at that time when I needed it most the remittance from the Missionary Committee in England had not arrived, so that I was in the street called "Straight." My entire income, to pay rent, keep myself, wife (for I had married again) and two children was the weekly subscription of my Tuesday evening class of some fifteen members. The members subscribed very liberally in those days, and the weekly payment usually amounted to from fifteen shillings to thirty shillings. Every Wednesday morning I had to pay my rent, fourteen shillings, out of the Tuesday night's class money. Rent was the first claim. I can never forget one week's experience. Tuesday night came, we had not a penny in the house and very little food. I went to the class; we had a very good meeting, but an unusually small attendance. Only five were present, and the subscriptions amounted to ten shillings. My wife that evening could not go with me as the youngest child was ill with fever. After the meeting my heart sank within me. What should I do? Some of the other churches in Sydney knew something of our difficulties at that time, but not very much. The

deacons of a church, without a pastor at that time, offered me £250 per annum if I would accept the unanimous call of the church to become pastor. Should I accept it? That was my query as I placed the ten shillings before my wife on the table. It seemed as though we were being driven to forsake the Church we loved so well. "I am four shillings short of the rent," I said to my wife. "In the morning we must leave; where shall we go?" Our tears fell, we had a little supper, read our Bible, prayed together, and when we rose from our knees she looked at me through her tears and said, "My dear, the Lord will *not forget us.*" In the morning, after breakfast and prayer for guidance and help, I started out for a short walk, not knowing where to go. I wandered through the hay market towards an old playground with a rough, three-railed fence round it. The children had broken one of the rails down and made a path across towards Surry Hills. I walked along this track with a heavy heart, with my eyes fixed on the ground, and when I was about half-way to Surry Hills I saw a little in front of me some silver coins in the path. I stooped down and picked up *four bright shillings*. I looked around, but no one was to be seen. It was early and the children had not yet come out to play. Here were four shillings, just the exact sum needed to make up my week's rent, all lying close together; surely my Father had sent it! Yes, God's raven had been there. I at once turned and retraced my steps, while tears blinded my eyes so that I scarcely knew how I got home.

When I got into the house, I showed my wife the money, and told her how God had sent it. She simply replied, "I told you God would not forsake us." Thank God, I have never wanted a shilling since.

DIVINE INTERVENTION.

Robert Bell, of Lambton, was a coal-miner, working in the Scotch company's mine. He was a very faithful member of our church. Robert was a man of prayer. With him prayer was communion with God. Our church at Lambton was experiencing a very blessed season of quickening. The whole neighbourhood was greatly moved, and there was scarcely a house in the township but some one or more of its inhabitants were saved. It was always Robert's practice, whether he was on the front shift or the back shift—that is, went to work at 3 a.m. or at 11—to spend some time in prayer. One morning he had just got into his board (place of work) when a voice said to him distinctly, "Go out of the board and pray." He, answering the voice, replied, "I have just come from prayer." A second time the voice said, "Go out of the board and pray." Still cutting coal, he answered as before. Immediately the voice said a third time, "Robert, go out of the board and pray!" Seizing his pick he crawled out of the board as rapidly as possible. He had only just reached a place of safety when a fall of several tons of coal covered the spot he was working on.

In the class-meeting his recitation of this providential deliverance from sudden death was not spoken as though he thought it something extraordinary, but rather as the way in which his Heavenly Father constantly showed His loving care for His children, and therefore his heart was full of gratitude and his mouth of praise.

THE BRUSH MOUNTAIN.

During my journeyings in the bush of Australia I have experienced scores of Divine interpositions in behalf of my safety, and of guidance in relation to my work as a Christian missionary. I will record three or four typical cases. I am quite sure that many of my brethren, particularly in the early days of our work, have witnessed equally convincing proofs of our Heavenly Father's care, protection and guidance.

On one of my five hundred mile journeys on horseback, between Newcastle and Port Macquaree, when nearing Gloucester on the great North road, my mare began "blowing" badly. I dismounted and led her quietly to the hotel. At that time "Gloucester" consisted of the hotel, store and post office and a blacksmith's shop and house. The district round for many miles was occupied by sheep and cattle stations. No church or school of any kind was within a distance of many miles, probably thirty or more. It was purely a bush district. It was about mid-day when I led "Fanny" into the hotel stable, panting and sweating pro-

fusely. She drank a few mouthfuls of water, but would not *look* at any food. I borrowed a gun and ammunition and told the landlady I would have a stroll in the bush and be back to dinner about 3 o'clock. I strolled along the banks of the river, where I shot a *Duck-billed Plattypus,* the only one I ever saw, and several other magnificent birds. Returning to dinner, I found my mare very much as I left her. I wanted particularly to get to Port Macquaree that evening, and asked the groom at the hotel what he thought of the mare. He shook his head and said he thought she would "croak"—die. I asked him if they had a horse they could sell me. He replied, "We have no horse here, sir." After dinner, as I sat on the verandah praying for guidance, several bushmen rode into the hotel from the stations near, and by 4 o'clock about twenty shepherds and stockmen had gathered there. Suddenly it dawned upon me that I was to hold a service in that place. I went to the landlady and said, "Could we have a preaching service here at, say, 5 o'clock?" She answered, "I should be delighted if you would, sir; we have never had a service in Gloucester." She had the ball-room prepared and made all possible provision for the service, closed the bar, and everyone about the place came in. I preached from Acts xvi. 30-31, and I believe in the great day of final reckoning fruit will appear to the glory of God. After the service I sought the man in charge of the stables and said to him, "I want you to look after my mare, let her have all she will eat, and give her a good brush down; the moon

rises about midnight and I want to start immediately after." He replied, "Your mare has not touched anything to eat or drink since she came into the stable." He evidently had no hope of the mare recovering from her attack. I said, "I will go with you into the stable and look at her." To his surprise she had eaten every scrap of food that had been put before her, and was evidently looking for more. He thought it was a "rum-un," there was nothing the matter with her, she was perfectly "fit." I said, "I will get three or four hours' sleep and start at midnight. I quite understand her being taken suddenly ill now; God intended us to have service here this evening." I never was ashamed to own my Lord, but, like Paul, I gloried in His cross. Just before midnight the Queen of Night showed her smiling face above the horizon; I paid my bill and started, my mare as fit as ever I had known her. About an hour's riding brought me to the foot of the Brush Mountain. As soon as I began to ascend I lost the moon; it was hidden behind a cloud. When I was about halfway up the mountain, which was two thousand feet high, I found myself in a dense mist; it was really the thick cloud that had hidden the moon. I pushed on upward and soon found I was leaving the cloud under my feet. The track gradually became clear and bright, but I did not look away from it, but steadily looked immediately in front of my horse's feet until I reached the top. I then reined up my mare, threw my right leg across the pummel of my saddle, gave her her head so that

she could pick a little of the mountain grass, and prepared for the sight.

There I sat in the clearest and brightest light of an Australian full moon, some five hundred feet above the clouds, feasting my eyes on a scene of the most glorious beauty the world could present to mortal gaze. I had often heard of the silver lining to the cloud. There, beneath me, spread out and stretching away to the horizon on every side as far as the eye could reach, was *a silver sea,* over which a gentle breeze was softly playing, raising ripples among which the beams of bewitching moonlight were merrily dancing.

I will not attempt to describe the scene, which, to my unpoetic mind, is simply indescribable; but which has been very real to me during these last fifty years; the like of which I never expect to see again.

A MISSIONARY MEETING ON THE HAWKESBURY RIVER, N.S.W.

In the late 'sixties we had a missionary evangelist working among the early settlers on the Hawkesbury River. It was arranged by our Conference that Captain Mitchell should be requested to accompany me on a visit to this district, and the missionary there was instructed to arrange for a series of meetings which we were to attend. I took the coach from Windsor to the place where Captain Mitchell and I were to stay. Our host and his family were real old Prims and extremely kind, but

ON THE HAWKESBURY RIVER, N.S.W.

were as yet struggling, hard-working settlers. They had taken up a good tract of land, over three hundred acres, and were hoping to have a good farm of their own *some* day. But with a young and increasing family and fulfilling the demands of the various clauses of the Land Act, they had not yet been able to get much live stock about them, particularly of the light horse kind. After several meetings in the neighbourhood, one evening I said, "Where is to-morrow evening's meeting to be?" "Colo," he replied. "How far is that?" "Twelve miles." "I shall want you to lend me a horse if I am to get to the meeting," I said. But he replied, "We have not one about the place." "Nonsense! The idea of an Australian farmer and no horse; I never heard of such a thing." "Well," said he, "we have a young, unbroken colt, which has been ridden *once*, but he has no shoes on and no 'mouth.'" "If you will get him into your stockyard, and get the saddle and bridle on him I will ride him." He replied, "If you dare venture on him you may have him."

After breakfast the next morning I told Captain Mitchell and the missionary to get their horses ready, as having about thirty miles to ride to look up the people for the meeting, we must start early. Our host and his son drove the colt into the stockyard, a big, upstanding, rough fellow. After considerable trouble they managed to lasso him. Then, with kind words and gentle coaxing, after an hour's persistent labour, they managed to get the saddle and bridle on him. Then I told my two com-

panions they must mount and sit on their horses close to the slip rail, ready to start the moment I said "Off." I went up to my colt as the two held him, and after a little patting of his neck, talking kindly to him, rubbing his ears and nose, I said to my host, "Get a bag and put it gently over his ears while I mount. You take the near side of his head and hold the bridle close to the bit with the left hand, and grip his ear and hold it fast with your *right* hand, and you, Jim, go to the off side and do the same." Then I got his bridle rein nicely in my hand, gripped him on top of the wither and leaped into the saddle in a twinkling. I then said, "Now gently draw the bag from over his eyes and clear out of the way." As soon as the bag was off he looked at me, the white of his eyes showing spitefully, at the same moment I felt his back rise under the saddle (every one of Buffalo Bill's riders know what that means). I snatched up his rein, struck both my heels into his flanks, and cried to my two companions, "Off," and away the three of us went. Of course, my colt bucked and pig-jumped to his heart's content, but he kept on his feet—at least, when he did jump off *terra firma* he came down again on to his feet—so that I managed fairly well and was not unseated.

About half-way to Colo we had to ride *two miles* in single file along a path averaging from three to six feet wide, cut along the base of a mountain, which rose from the edge of the cliff at an angle of about forty-five degrees, so that the mountain side of the path rose almost perpendicularly from

seven to eight feet. The outside of the path hung over the Hawkesbury River, which was from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet below, according as the path rose and fell. I followed my two companions, who rode steady horses and did not seem at all nervous. I had never been along that path before, and, riding behind, perhaps did not fully realise the danger of the situation; a slip of the horse's foot and horse and rider might have been dashed to pieces on the rocks or drowned in the abyss of waters below. But my rough colt was a sure-footed animal. I am grateful to say that, through the tender mercies of my God, I arrived safely home from the Hawkesbury River after a series of successful meetings, and found my wife and family all safe and well.

RETURNING FROM PORT ESPERANCE.

After nearly a week of strenuous work in the district of Port Esperance, I was glad to get the promise of a passage home, for I had no colleague excepting my devoted wife, who had her first-born to look after, as well as the infant church at Hobart Town, during my absence.

The craft I was to sail on was a little trading cutter of about forty tons burden. The skipper and his two men were real old salts. Although they did not "play much at religion," they were kind-hearted, genial fellows. Sailing about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we hoped if the weather was favourable to get to Hobart by midnight. The skipper

had not consulted the "Clerk of the Weather," and we had not expected dead calms to prevail, which, however, they did, so that instead of doing the forty miles in six to eight hours we were two *long nights* and days. None of us had done much in the way of "victualling the ship," and the incessant rolling soon awakened in us a *grinding* appetite. Fortunately there was hanging in the rigging a piece of salt junk, about twenty pounds, and we were taking cabbage and potatoes to the Hobart market. We could not, however, eat these raw. The salt beef had been some days hanging where it was, and the bluebottles had been very busy all the time, so that its condition can be better imagined than described. The little craft had no cooking apparatus on board, as it was not a sea-going boat. What was to be done? The afternoon of the day after we sailed Jim said "He felt as if he could eat his old boot if it had been cooked." We had a dog on board and an old, three-legged iron pot for him to drink out of. Jim got this pot, fastened some rope yarn through the handle eyes (the handles had gone long ago), swung it over the side of the *Hobart* into the sea, dipped some water up, washed it well, swung it over again, drew it up full of salt water, cut off five or six pounds of salt junk, put it into the pot, then crammed it full of cabbages. Then he hunted up an old piece of iron plate, put it on the deck, stood the old pot on it, found some old pieces of tarpaulin and some pieces of broken spars, and soon got the pot boiling. When he thought the meat was well cooked, he

did not trouble about the cabbage being done, he got his knife (all sailors have a long knife), took some out, and calling to his mates, "Come, help yourselves," began to eat as if he was having his dinner in a first-class cook-shop. We all copied his example. As for myself, if I did not *enjoy* the meal, I do not think food was ever more welcome to me. Real hunger at sea is terrible. Thank God, after the second edition of this provision, the wind sprang up and we soon got into port, and I quickly reached my happy home. Notwithstanding all my very trying experiences on this journey, when I remembered the spiritual and moral destitution of so many in Port Esperance district, and the fact that God had made His messenger of peace and joy to so many of them, I felt perfectly content and willing, if needs be, to go through hundreds of such experiences in my Master's work.

"That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."—JOHN xvii. 21.

"Like a mighty army moves the Church of God,
Brothers we are treading where the saints have trod;
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity."

CHAPTER XI.

Methodist Union in Australia and New Zealand.

For many years the several Branches of the Methodist Church in Australasia gradually drew closer together until it was seen in the late 'eighties that organic union was desired by increasing numbers of our people. The Conferences of the Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, and Bible Christians appointed committees to confer on this question and report to their several Conferences. The matter was cautiously but wisely promoted by interchange of pulpits, united love-feasts and other social and religious gatherings. The matter did not mature in all the States at the same time, but in the years 1900 and 1901 the different States completed the task of unification, and in 1902 the Southern world saw the birth of the "Methodist Church of Australia." The new constitution displays a mastership in Christian statecraft, for the officials of the various churches concerned received it with an unanimity that could scarcely have been hoped for. The successful working of this united family since union was effected shows it to have been Divinely inspired. May the blessing of God rest upon this union with increased power!

The following figures gathered from the Primitive Methodist Minutes of the Conference of 1879 will show the position of the Primitive Methodist Church at the time of union :

Members : Victoria, 4,143; South Australia, 3,167; Queensland, 2,100; New South Wales, 2,020. Total membership, 11,430.

Church property.	Cost.	Present debt.
Victoria	£94,625 9 7	£29,383 11 5
South Australia	75,336 4 10	22,521 11 10
New South Wales	57,139 16 2	19,588 7 6
Queensland	15,487 12 2	5,996 1 6
Totals	£242,589 2 9	£77,489 12 3

The number of our members in Tasmania and the statistics of church property are included in those of Victoria.

NEW ZEALAND.

When the union of the different branches of the Methodist family was consummated in Australia, those in New Zealand, for various reasons, did not join in.

There was, however, a growing desire among the two branches of the family there, the Wesleyans and Primitive Methodists, for organic union. This desire matured, and on Wednesday, February 5th, 1913, the last Primitive Methodist Conference was opened in the beautiful Webb Street Church, Wellington. The Hon. C. M. Luke, M.L.C., was unanimously elected President. An old friend and

much esteemed colleague of mine, the Rev. C. E. Ward, a son of our first New Zealand missionary, the late Rev. Robert Ward, whom I had the joy of introducing into the ministry in New South Wales, was very appropriately elected Vice-President. At this Conference, after certain preliminary legal matters had been attended to under the guidance of the Conference honorary solicitor, Mr. A. J. Luke, the following historic declaration was unanimously endorsed :—

> "Declaration of Union between the Methodist Church of New Zealand and the Primitive Methodist Connexion in New Zealand :
>
> "*Whereas* at the annual Conference of the Methodist Church of New Zealand held in the city of Wellington in the Dominion of New Zealand, this sixth day of February 1913, it was resolved and agreed that the Methodist Church of New Zealand unite with the Primitive Methodist Church commonly known as the Primitive Methodist Connexion in New Zealand upon the terms and conditions set forth and embodied in and incorporated with the basis of Union prepared by a joint Committee representing the said Churches and approved by the annual conference and circuit quarterly meetings thereof and by the Members of the said Primitive Methodist Connexion in New Zealand and duly consented to by the British Conference of the Primitive Methodist Connexion a printed copy whereof is attached

hereto and also published in the printed minutes of the annual conference of the Methodist Church of Australasia in New Zealand in the city of Auckland in the said Dominion in the months of February and March 1912. *And Whereas* at the annual Conference of the Primitive Methodist Connexion in New Zealand also held in the City of Wellington aforesaid this sixth day of February 1913 it has also been resolved and agreed that the Primitive Methodist Connexion in New Zealand unite with the Methodist Church of New Zealand upon the terms and conditions set forth and embodied in and incorporated with the said Basis of Union. *And Whereas* it has been agreed by and between the said Churches that such union as aforesaid shall take effect on and from the sixth day of February 1913, *And Whereas* it is advisable that these presents should be executed for the purpose of evidencing the fact of such union as aforesaid NOW THEREFORE IT IS HEREBY AGREED AND DECLARED that the Methodist Church of New Zealand and the Primitive Methodist Connexion in New Zealand shall enter into an organic union as one Church with a common name, common laws, common funds and equal rights upon the terms and conditions set forth and embodied in and incorporated with the Basis Union aforesaid AND FURTHER that the said Union shall take effect on and from the sixth day of February 1913.

"SIGNED for and on behalf of the Churches this sixth day of February 1913. The Methodist Conference empowered the following to sign for it, the Revs. S. Laury (President) C. H. Laws (Secretary) W. Ready (ex-President) W. Gittos (representing the Maori Mission) and Mr. J. A. Flesher (Chairman of the Legal Committee). Drs. Youngman and Morley were nominated as witnesses. The signatories appointed by the Primitive Methodist Conference were: The Hon. C. M. Luke, M.L.C. (President) the Revs. C. E. Ward (vice-President) G. Knowles Smith (ex-President) and Mr. C. E. Bellringer (Secretary of the Union Committee). The Revs. J. Dumbell, P. Wright Jones, and H. Holland, Esq., Mayor of Christchurch, were nominated as witnesses."

Finally both Conferences authorised the making of such alteration and amendments to the laws and regulations of the Church as might be found requisite to bring them into harmony with the basis of union.

A GREAT HISTORIC PROCESSION.

The *Times*, in its report of the final act of union, says:—"A picturesque ceremony was witnessed after luncheon, when the delegates to the separate conferences came together for the first time. It had been arranged that they should meet on non-ecclesiastical grounds, and the space before the

Town Hall was chosen as the most fitting spot on which the representatives of the two branches of the Church could assemble, no longer as separate branches, but as one Church. So there they met and mingled, members of the new Methodist Church of New Zealand. Hearty hand-clasps were exchanged and in all directions were to be heard cordial congratulations on the consummation of union. Soon the delegates were made known to each other, and then they formed up by districts in readiness to march to the Conference meeting place."

A GREAT DEMONSTRATION IN THE TOWN HALL

was presided over by His Excellency Lord Liverpool, the Governor of the Dominion, who was supported on the platform by the Hon. W. F. Massey (Prime Minister), the Hon. S. M. Luke, M.L.C. (Vice-President of the United Conference and President of the last Primitive Methodist Conference) and other distinguished men, among whom was Canon Garland, representing the Episcopal Church. The proceedings were most enthusiastic. Lord Liverpool's speech was a model of what an official British Statesman's speech should be on so important an history-making occasion.

THE SIGNING OF THE DEED OF UNION

was witnessed by His Excellency the Governor, the Premier and leaders of the Churches. When Lord Liverpool handed to the President the Deed of

Union there was a tremendous outburst of applause; everyone joined in, and immediately afterwards the vast audience spontaneously broke into singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The enthusiasm and unanimity with which the union was acclaimed is surely an earnest of great good to follow.

By this union 3,362 members of the Primitive Methodist Connexion were transferred to the Methodist Church of New Zealand.

Thus ended the Primitive Methodist Missions in Australia and New Zealand. Not lost but merged into the greater Methodist Church after seventy years of successful evangelistic work in these extensive colonies. The sturdy pioneers should never be forgotten. They wrought roughly but mightily, and laid foundations upon which fine churches have subsequently been reared. They have passed away to rest, but their works follow them, and now in the one Methodist Church of Australia and of New Zealand there are the possibilities of enormous service in the great Commonwealth beyond the seas. "Divide and conquer" was Napoleon's motto in world-wide warfare. "Unite and conquer" is the call to-day.

May the Divine blessing richly rest upon the Methodist Church of Australia and New Zealand!

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